

The TATLER

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London, August 13, 1930

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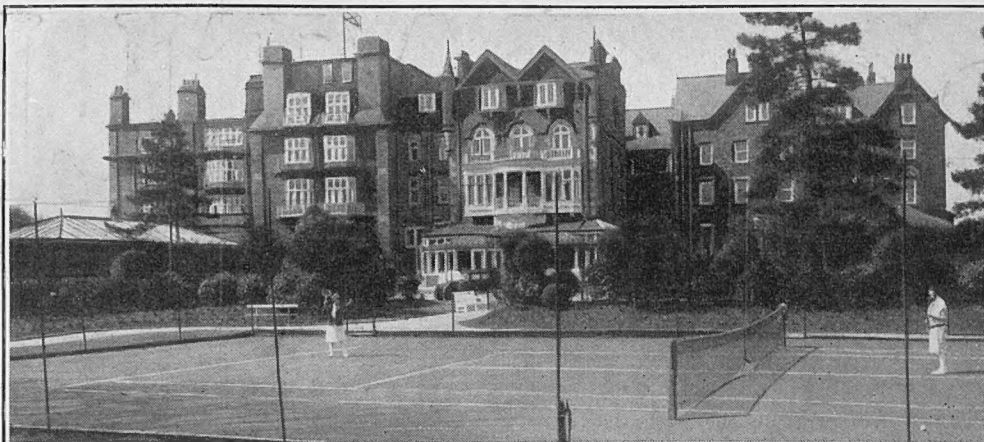
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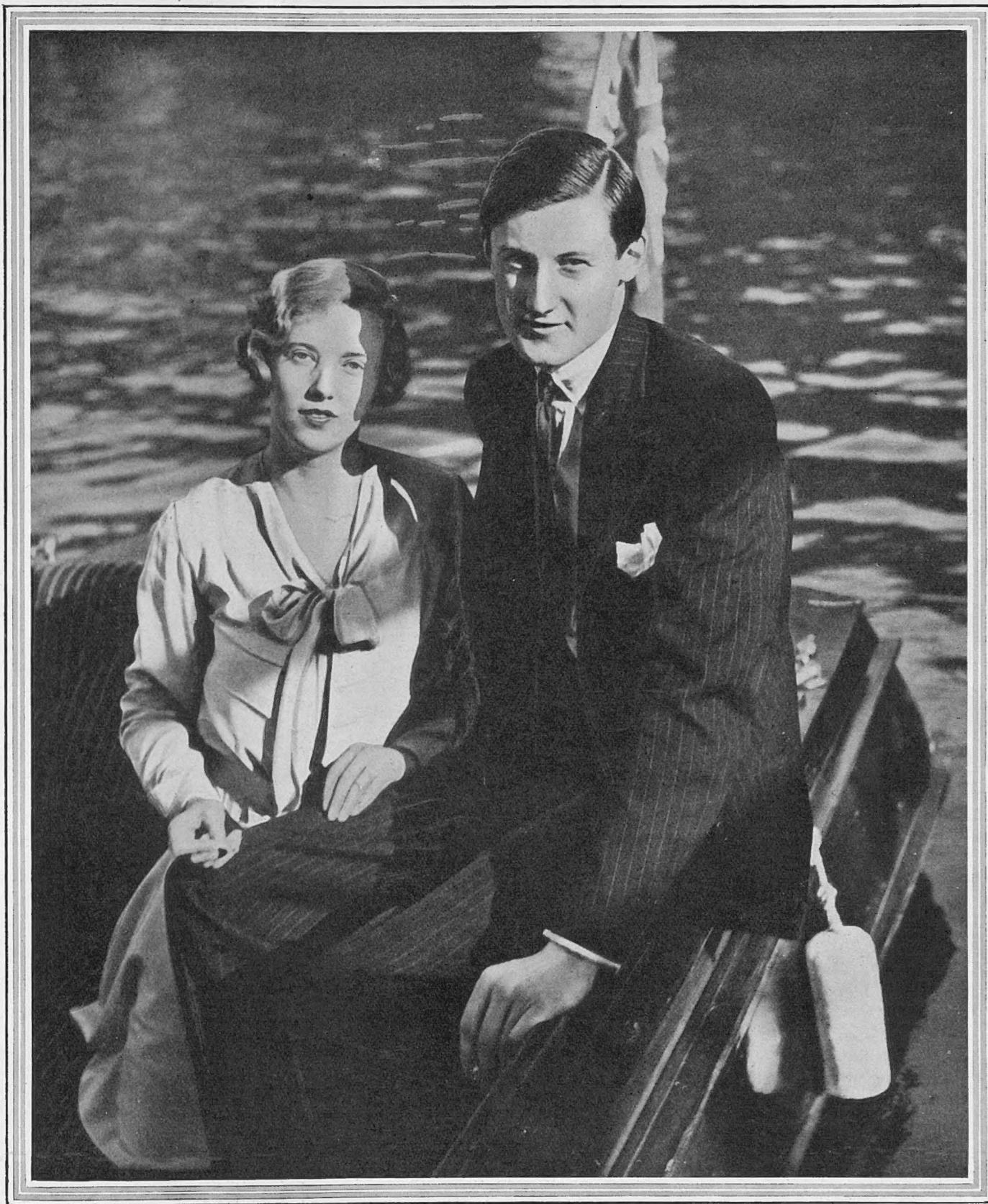


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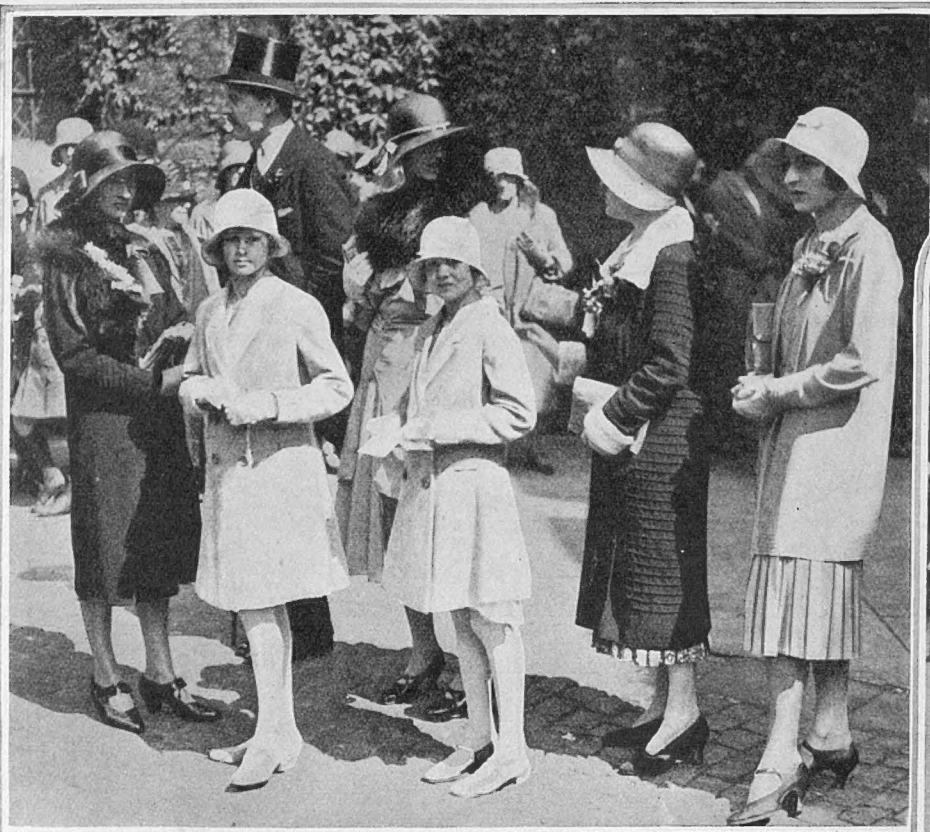
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LORD BROUGHAM AND MISS OLIVE PLUNKET

Tom Aitken

The engagement of Lord Brougham and Vaux and Miss Olive Plunket was announced last December, and their wedding is to take place some time in the autumn. Even an electric launch up river, somewhere near Maidenhead, is not apparently a secure retreat from the long-range camera by day or night! Lord Brougham is the son of the late Captain the Hon. Henry Brougham, Coldstream Guards, who died in 1927—the same year as the late Lord Brougham, the present peer's grandfather. Miss Olive Plunket is the younger daughter of the Right Rev. and Hon. Bishop Plunket and the Hon. Mrs. Plunket of St. Anne's, Clontarf, Dublin



AT THE SEYMOUR-HAMILTON WEDDING

The big Society event in London last week was the wedding at Westminster Abbey of Lieut.-Colonel Reggie Seymour and Lady Katharine Hamilton, the youngest of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn's daughters. The names are: Lady Margaret Bingham, Lady Barbara Bevan, her sister (Lord and Lady Lucan's daughters), Lady Mary Kenyon-Slaney, and the Marquess of Hamilton (the bride's brother) behind

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

FRIENDLY DEAR,—Here I am again, pen in hand and hand-in-glove with all the newsmongers, whose reports from various localities I will relay for your benefit. For even the possession of a quick-starting spirit does not enable one to be in several places at once, particularly when the centre of social gravity changes with such speed.

Officially London is dead, nevertheless many quiet and amusing little reunions have been and are still occurring in the so-called deserted capital. The last party to take place was the very entertaining one given by Mr. and Mrs. Evan Morgan, and quite a handful of people missed the last day of Goodwood so as to attend it.

The host had been one of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden's guests for the glorious meeting, which only merited its alliterative adjective on the last two days. Another, a last-minute arrival, was Lord Pembroke, who came quite unexpectedly by air. Everyone at Norton Priory was delighted to see him, and as Mrs. Holden welcomed him with the remark that it was a joyous greeting, naturally the entire house-party was on Mrs. Corlette Glorney's long-priced winner of the Goodwood Stakes.



MAJOR EDWARD SEYMOUR AND MAJOR AND MRS. BEAUMONT NESBITT

Some more of the guests at the big wedding last week of Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Seymour to Lady Katharine Hamilton. Major Edward Seymour is a kinsman of the bridegroom

The Letters of Eve



LORD STANMORE AND LADY DESBOROUGH

Who were also at the Seymour-Hamilton wedding. Lord Stanmore is a former Lord-in-Waiting to H.M. the King, and Lady Desborough is a Lady of the Bedchamber to H.M. Queen Mary

There is always rather a sad feeling, I think, when one comes to the end of Goodwood. Firstly, one hates to leave such a lovely place, and, secondly, though we constantly assert our indifference to tradition, there is an undeniable sensation of finality when this unique Sussex meeting is over. There was a particular sadness this year, not only because so many of Goodwood's lovely trees are doomed but also because the Duke never had even the small compensation of winning a race.

Now most of the people who were there have scattered to the four winds and are to be found in Scotland, Ireland, the North of England, and the South of France. Or taking cures, like Lady Ludlow and Mrs. Arthur James, who are sampling the respective waters of Baden-Baden and Marienbad.

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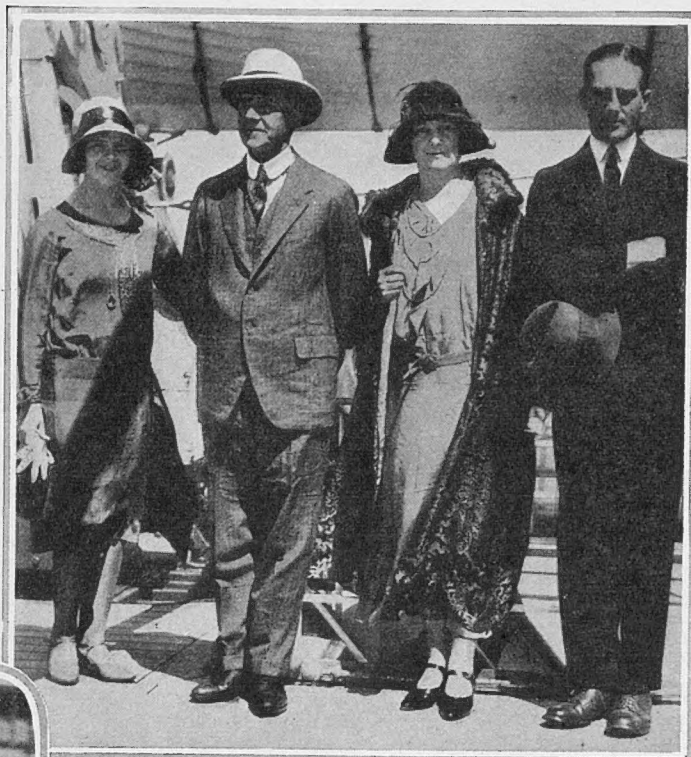
A certain number went on to the Solent according to the old order of progression, or procession if you prefer it. But we have become more selective in our amusements during the last few years, and those who race on land are not infrequently oblivious to the charms

of speed trials at sea. Except for the tragedy attendant on the sinking of the *Lucilla*, which overshadowed Wednesday's racing, Cowes was much as usual, with the Barings and Glentanars dispensing their famous hospitality and the *Victoria and Albert* watching over the proceedings. How good it was to see the King once again engaged in a favourite occupation and obviously thoroughly enjoying it. The cheers when *Britannia* won her 200th race were terrific.

One person who looked very attractive in her yachting outfit was Mrs. Henry Mond. She had been over to Dinard with Lord Lovelace and his sister Lady Diana Gibb—who is one of her greatest friends and was out with her in Kenya this spring—and had come to stay in Princess Wiasemsky's yacht.

I also particularly observed Lord Reading, who has been brushing up his more active outdoor pursuits, such as fishing and golf, in preparation for his visit to Scotland. His favourite recreations in London are contract bridge and six-pack bezique, and, of course, reading. But he must be an ideal guest in any house-party, not only because of his brilliantly interesting mind, but for that peculiar charm which consists, partly, in always making the right remark at the right moment.

One person who would have liked to go to Cowes, but has been forbidden by his doctor for the last two or three years, is the Duke of Connaught. But he has gone as usual for about ten days of sea air, by way of compensation, to Prince's at Hove, where his presence was a distinct asset to the last part of the Sussex fortnight. He is certainly a very wonderful person. Out every morning on the front with his equerry, looking quite immaculate; and out every afternoon for a drive and tea at one or other of the small inns in the neighbourhood. His ancestor, the Regent, was the first and most persistent royal patron of Brighton, and the many charming Regency houses to be found there



AT 'FRISCO: ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY AND LADY DE CHAIR, MISS ELAINE DE CHAIR, AND LIEUT. H. G. D. DE CHAIR, R.N.

Sir Dudley de Chair is the retiring Governor of New South Wales and came home via Japan and America. This group was taken aboard the Nippon-Yusen-Kaisha liner "*Asama Maru*." Admiral de Chair commanded the British Cruiser Squadron in the North Sea blockade of 1914-16 and headed the Naval Commission that accompanied Lord Balfour to Washington in 1917 for the purpose of conferring with President Wilson. He was appointed Governor of New South Wales in 1923.



AT LEOPARDSTOWN: LADY POWERSCOURT AND MRS. ALLEN WHITEHEAD

Leopardstown, which is called "Ireland's Goodwood," always happens just before the Dublin Horse Show, and at neither fixture was the weather in any too gracious a mood—it rained stair-roads at times. Lady Powerscourt had a house-party at Powerscourt Castle for the Show week

are reminders of those more spacious days.

The romance of George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert, about which so much has been written, though history refuses to divulge its

secrets, has always appealed to me intensely. Partly, I think, because I have seen some of the relics of this great attachment, which belong to Lord Stafford. A miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert's eye, painted by Cosway for his royal master, is one of them, also the paint-box which the Regent used, and which Mrs. Fitzherbert treasured till her death. Another family heirloom is George IV's musical snuff-box. This entrancing affair of enamel and gold opens with a spring to reveal a tiny brilliantly-feathered bird, who pipes a delicious little song with the most lifelike movements of beak and wings.

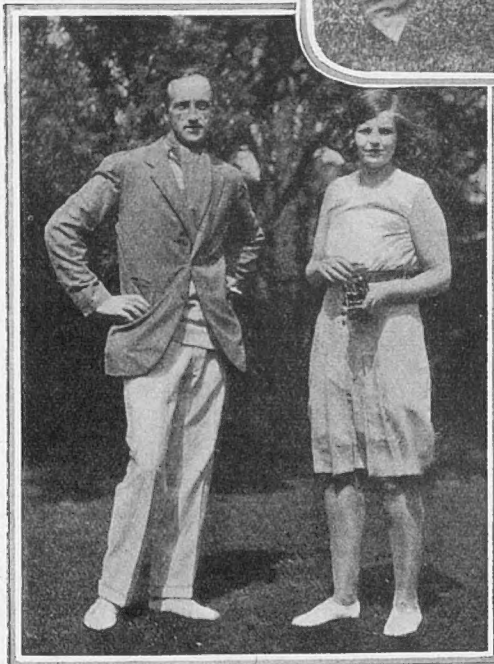
Had I some money to spend on modern art I should hasten, cheque-book in hand, to the Arlington Gallery. Would that my banker permitted some of the exhibits there to pass into my possession.

By speaking of modern art, I think I do the author of these ethereal works some injustice, if the term suggests to you angular incomprehensibilities and uncomfortable colouring. For restful enchantment and a "picture to live with" give me any of the visions which Mr. Zarh Pritchard has conjured up out of the sea and shows at his private exhibition.

It is difficult not to be over-enthusiastic, as it is seldom that anything so original succeeds in being entirely satisfactory. The whole conception and proceeding is romantic and quite unlike anything that has been done before. To start with, the pictures are painted on suède, and the subjects drawn from under the sea, in some cases at a depth of 40 ft. The architectural power of the coral and rock formations are magnificent, whilst the blended colours defy description.

Mr. Pritchard is tall, white-haired, and possesses great independence of mind. He first thought of the artistic possibilities of submarine subjects through gazing over the side of a boat into the clear waters off the West Coast of Scotland. Diving then showed him that closer inspection was well worth

(Continued on p. 288)



LORD CHARLES HOPE AND LADY ALINGTON

Who are both, as is well known, keen lawn-tennis enthusiasts. Lord Charles Hope is bound for the north to play in the St. Andrews hard-court championships, and Lady Alington, who was Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, is off to Ireland

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

while, and he made up his mind to try and make sketches in a diving-suit whilst actually under the water.

All equipment had to be specially prepared: the canvas with several coats of linseed oil, each brush with a leaden end to prevent its escape to the surface, and a dozen hazards to combat which were impossible to anticipate. The danger from octopi in the vicinity of the South Sea Islands was continually present, but Mr. Pritchard tells of the delightful friendliness shown by the small fishes. These displayed no fear, great interest, and a good deal of greed when they found that the oil on the brushes made a jolly change from their usual diet.

This is the height of the country gymkhana epidemic, a disease which breaks out in London throughout the season, wherever polo ponies are gathered together. Originally these nimble creatures were the only vehicles considered fit to cope with the tricky manœuvres planned by the promoters, but so popular have such horse sports become that the inclusion of Shetland and Suffolk Punch in the same competition excites no comment.

Every country show and village fête now have equestrian "turns," some so ambitious as to approach the hunter trial standard. The Bicesterites are never backward when mounted, and I hear that they have lately held several excellent meetings in their country. The instigator of one of the most successful was Mrs. Philip Fleming, who thought out some extra-amusing problems to put to the ponies, not forgetting to test the staying powers of the jockeys as well, for there was a good deal of foot-work to do.

Being a daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Hunloke, Mrs. Fleming has more horse-sense than most, and the neighbourhood showed their confidence of a good day's entertainment by entering profusely for all events.

Johnson, the Bicester huntsman, made an excellent clerk of the course, being very firm with his field and allowing no riot. Colonel Heywood Lonsdale was a judge with an eagle eye, and Mr. Weatherby had promised to start but was prevented by the slightly superior claim of Goodwood.

The news that Mr. Budgett insists on next season being his last as Master of the Hounds was the only depressing feature of a merry day.

Had you happened to be passing the Gareloch the other day you would probably have noticed a gaily-bedecked yacht and wondered what was the reason for its gala trimmings. I can put you wise. The yacht was Sir William Raeburn's *Eagle*, waiting to convey his newly-married daughter and her bridegroom, Captain E. G. Riviere, on a cruise round the west coast of Scotland. Always supposing the participants are immune from *mal de mer*, it would be difficult to imagine a nicer way of spending a honeymoon. *En passant*, here is good news for the bad

sailor. I'm told on the best authority, Harley Street no less, that the sorrows of rough-sea voyaging can be sweetened if a large portion of barley sugar, say about a pound, is absorbed the day before embarking. Don't ask me how it's to be done, for that's where you stick. Better, perhaps, try it in your bath.

Returning to the subject of honeymoons, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Money-Coutts are lately back from theirs, and were to be seen at a very cheerful dancing party held in one of the West of Scotland's hospitable houses. Mr. James Murray was there, too, with his fiancée, Miss Jean Baxter, who wore a red lace frock and gave evidence of her usual diverting vivacity. This part of the country seems to be teeming with engagements, and I understand that another interesting one is pending.

One would have presumed that the beauty queens of Hollywood and their advisers had thought of every possible means of keeping themselves and their names well in the limelight, but it has been left to a Russian film star, better known on the Continent than over here, to go not one, but a great many better than all of them. For at the Leicester Galleries, where one expects to find progressiveness and is rarely disappointed, there may now be seen fifty portraits of one Maria Lani, by fifty different artists.

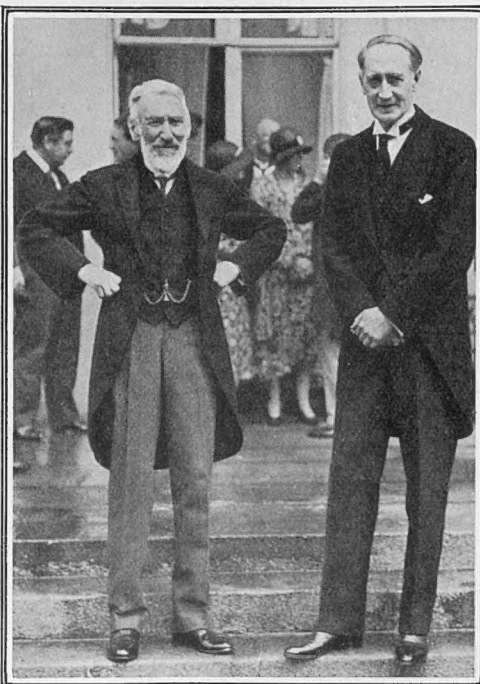
A photograph of the sitter as she presumably really is hangs at the entrance of the room in which her portraits are exhibited. And the fifty variations on that given theme are also, presumably, Maria Lani in her many rôles, though the artistic viewpoint is amusingly diverse. She ranges from extreme youth, both simple and sophisticated, as in Pascin's painting and Marvel's pastel, to lined maturity as in Manievtz's drawing. Or she seems single-eyed, like a Cyclops, or endowed with several pairs of orbs as in the big silver-framed painting by Picabia. Jean Cocteau has done a series of clever and attractive drawings, and there is one most delightful version of her by a Japanese artist.

If two heads are better than one, fifty must proportionately reach great heights of excellence, always supposing that one cannot have too much of a good thing. Which reminds me how lucky the music-lovers are this year, with an orgy of such festivals as Bayreuth, Munich, and Salzburg to indulge in. The Steel-Maitlands and Miss Olga Lynn, Lady Cunard, Mrs. Claude

Beddington, and Sir Thomas Beecham are among the many devotees off to Central Europe on their account.

Sir William and Lady Bull are also on the move; their destination is America, where lots of entertaining is in store for them. But a truce to scribing. You must be tired of—Yours ever, EVE.

In the issue of THE TATLER, July 16, a picture was published of Colonel R. L. Birkin, who was described as a bachelor owing to his marriage not being recorded in the 1930 books of reference. We are very sorry for having been led into this mistake and for any inconvenience which it has occasioned.



AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: THE RIGHT HON. SIR HORACE PLUNKETT AND LORD THOMSON

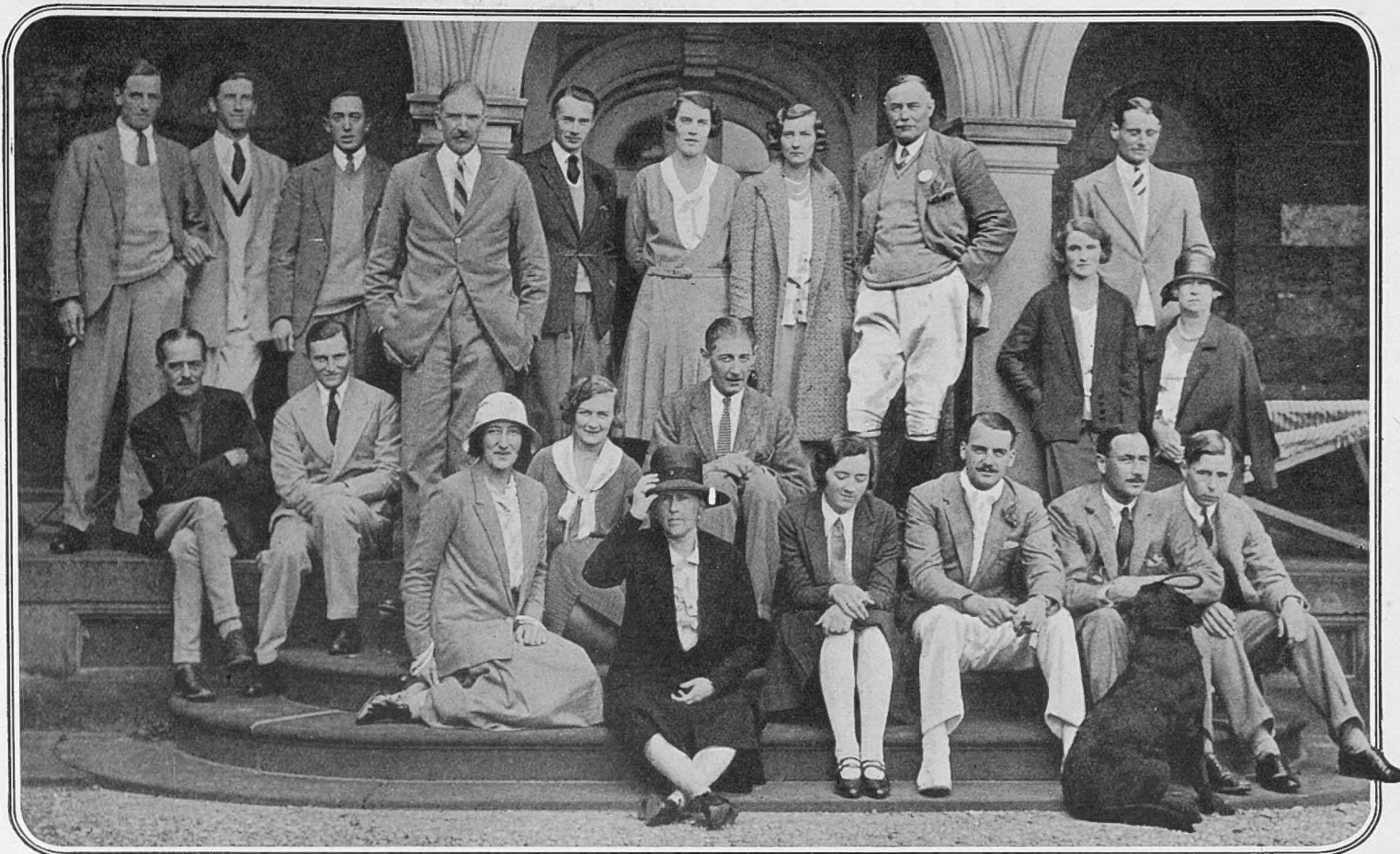
Who were the guests of the Governor-General and Mrs. McNeill for the great show at Ball's Bridge, which was rather marred by the rain. Sir Horace Plunkett is the founder of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, and Lord Thomson is Secretary of State for Air



AT THE KINGSTON HORSE SHOW

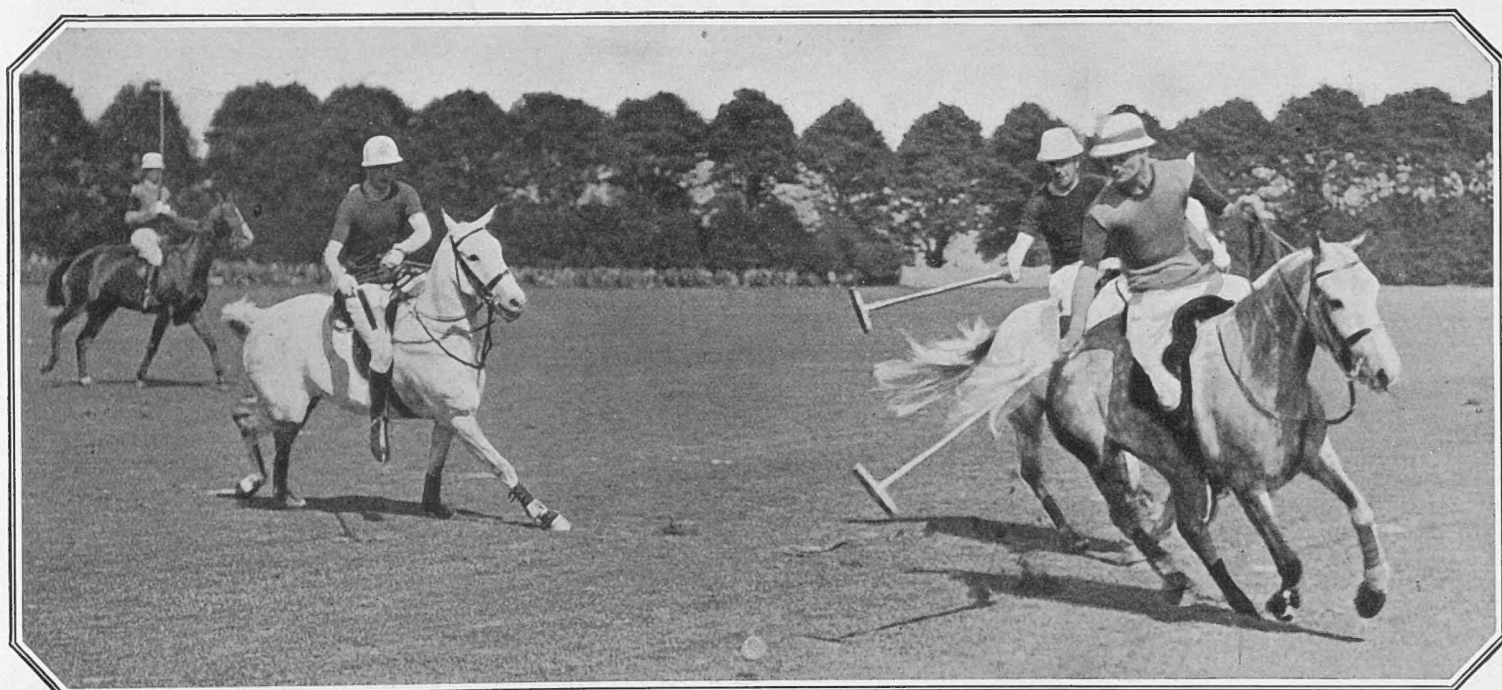
A group in the ring at this show last week, the names in which, left to right, are: Mrs. P. Cantrell-Hubbersty (wife of Major Cantrell-Hubbersty, who was one of the judges), Lady Belper, Miss Hamilton, and Lord Belper

THE OSMASTON POLO WEEK



LADY WALKER'S HOUSE-PARTY AT OSMASTON MANOR

Lady Walker, who is the widow of the late Sir Peter Walker, Bart., had this house-party for the polo week at Osmaston, Derbyshire, organized most successfully by her son, Sir Ian Walker. Included in this group are: Miss Langley, Miss Schreiber, Lady Bridget King-Tenison, Miss O'Brien, Lady Walker, Sir Ian Walker, Mr. Head, Mr. A. Dugdale, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Erne, Captain and Mrs. G. Reid-Walker, Colonel and Mrs. D. C. Boles, Colonel T. P. Melvill, Colonel and Mrs. Vernon Keighley, Mr. Merry, Captain Herbert, Mr. Smith-Bingham, and Mr. R. B. B. Cooke



THE MANCHESTER v. OSMASTON MATCH

Sir Ian Walker's inaugural tournament at Osmaston, which was very well organized, drew six teams. In the Manchester team were, in the order named: Mr. O. G. Moseley, Mr. D. P. G. Moseley, Mr. F. E. Spiegelberg, and Captain G. Reid-Walker; and the Osmaston team was: Mr. J. F. C. Dugdale, Mr. O. C. B. Smith-Bingham, Mr. R. B. B. Cooke, and Sir Ian Walker. Sir Ian Walker is in the Derbyshire Yeomanry, who, like some other cavalry units, are now armoured cars. Mr. Dugdale is in the 11th Hussars, and the two others in the Osmaston side are 17th/21st Lancers

Photographs by Howard Barrett

The Cinema

By JAMES AGATE

Two Good Films

THE two outstanding films of this week have been *Raffles* at the Tivoli and *The Blue Angel* at the Regal. Presumably everybody will go to see the first film because of Mr. Ronald Colman who is, I understand, the greatest male exponent of body-urge—the new term for the old-fashioned “sex-appeal”—possessed by the modern screen. As I am not a flapper I do not know how far Mr. Colman makes good the claims which are made for him; he seems to me to be a good-looking young man who probably goes in first wicket down, is scratch at golf, and would be about as interesting to talk to on any subject that mattered as a University Blue; I may be, and probably am, mistaken. For it is in the nature of things that I cannot know to what extent mindless young women desire to be enfolded in the biceps of this muscular young man. I have not much acquaintance with the art of Mr. Colman, for to my knowledge, I have only seen him in one other film—a piece of sentimental nonsense about Devil's Island in which it would appear that French convicts in that settlement live a life consisting entirely of hot-towel shaves and flirtations with the Governor's wife. Mr. Colman, however, does very well as Raffles, and it would probably be ungracious to remark that the part is one in which not even a Shaftesbury Avenue leading-man has been known to fail. The film is remarkable for the appearance of Mr. Fred Kerr, a most distinguished actor, in the English sense of the word. That is to say, that he has been on the stage for hundreds of years, playing hundreds of parts, and always managing to be the same character, or within a stone's-throw of it—that of a testy, well-bred, elderly man of the world with the mental outlook—Heaven help us!—of a Die-hard peer. There is a good story, which may or may not be entirely true, to the effect that Mr. Kerr, on going to see Grassi and the Sicilian Players, turned to his companion, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, or other self-impersonator, and said: “You know, if I chose to exert myself I could do exactly the same kind of thing!” By all the blood-vessels that temperamental actors have never broken, I hope that Mr. Kerr will cherish that illusion to the end of his days. There is another story which I heard the other day. This concerns two old buffers of the age to remember W. G. Grace's century for the M.C.C. against the Australians in 1880. They were sitting in the pavilion at Lord's during the recent Test Match, and one suddenly leaned towards the other and said with an air of the greatest importance: “Do you know, I don't think there are as many sparrows as there were last year!” After some time the buffer who had been addressed leaned towards the other and said: “On consideration, I don't think there are.” Mr. Kerr would play either of these parts perfectly, and it goes without saying that his performance in *Raffles* is as admirable as that which he gave in *The High Road*. Which is not astonishing in view of the fact that it would take critical genius of the highest order to tell one from the other.

This is where Emil Jannings scores, for he is a different Jannings every time—a thing from which every English actor would shrink with horror, and also a thing whose non-acceptance by the English actor has made the London stage the greatest bore known to civilized man. No decently-bred person knows where his gorge is until he attends every London first-night, a state of affairs which I attribute to the public for being fools, to



IN “LORD RICHARD IN THE PANTRY”: MR. RICHARD COOPER AND MISS BARBARA GOTT

This film of the amusing play in which Mr. Cyril Maude created Lord Richard is being made by Messrs. Warner Brothers at the Twickenham Film Studios with an all-British cast, and is due for its première at the New Gallery Kinema some time this month



MISS DOROTHY SEACOMBE

Also in “Lord Richard in the Pantry,” which we are all waiting to see. It is due at the New Gallery some time this month

the managers for humouring the public—always a fatal thing to do, and to the actors for allowing themselves to be made fools of. But Jannings is an artist, and the directors of German films have hit upon or been forced to accept the extraordinary notion that an artist should be allowed to repeat his part and not himself. I admit, of course, that there is a certain sameness about all these Jannings films. The bank cashier who embezzles the bank's money and spends it on a cocotte who chucks him as soon as his booty is exhausted, the keeper of the night haunt who squanders his fortune among his own girls and then dies in an avalanche of retributive snow, the schoolmaster who in *The Blue Angel* visits a low music-hall to reclaim his pupils and, falling a victim to the leading siren, embarks upon a career of shipwreck ending at his death in his old master's seat—are not all these obviously the same formula? But it is fair to say that this similarity is this film's only weakness, and even so it is redeemed by Jannings' power to present another man while still remaining Jannings. This marks the great actor. I shall not have space to recount the excellences of this film in detail, and therefore one detail must suffice. Jannings, dismissed from his school, marries the siren, which is the only improbability in the film, since she must know that he can now have no money. But this improbability is to be overlooked in view of what is to come. At the wedding breakfast the music-hall proprietor, who is also a conjuror, produces eggs from the Professor's nose, whereupon his bride clucks like a hen and Jannings crows vaingloriously. In the course of his degradation the Professor sinks to be the butt of the music-hall, who must crow whenever it pleases the conjuror, now his employer, to produce his eggs. In the course of his servitude the touring-company returns to the town where the Professor once taught, and before all his old students he must give his performance of fearful ignominy. He does so; his mind breaks, and the crowing becomes that of a madman. I confess that as I watched this amazing performance I mischievously wished that I had invited Mr. Fred Kerr to accompany me. For I could not help wondering whether he would have turned to me and said: “My dear Agate, I am going on the films as you know. I have no doubt that if I choose to exert myself. . . .” But everybody else in this film is extraordinarily good, including the young German scholars who, incredibly enough, do not yelp: “Say, teacher, that's O.K. with me!” The tiny part of the Headmaster of the school is played to perfection, and so is that of the music-hall proprietor. Remains only Fräulein Marlene Dietrich, as to whom I can only say that she makes Reason totter on her throne. And unless she is very careful, Greta Garbo also. But I will not be unfaithful, leastwise in print. Therefore I will only say that on the fair Greta's behalf I strongly object to the arrival of this supremely capable, superbly fascinating, and exquisitely lovely actress.

A list of films now running in London will be found on p. xiv



AT KELSO: LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD AND
MR. ATHOLE HAY, JNR.

At the St. James' Fair and Agricultural Show at Kelso last week. It is held under the auspices of the Border Union Agricultural Society. Lady Massereene is a daughter of Sir John Stirling Ainsworth of Ardanasrig, Argyllshire



THE HON. ANGELA PEARSON AND MR. TONY MURRAY

Whose wedding will take place at Easebourne, Sussex, on August 25, snapshotted in the Cowdray ruins at Cowdray Park, Midhurst. The Hon. Angela Pearson is Lord and Lady Cowdray's second daughter, and her father and his brother, the Hon. Clive Pearson, are Joint Masters of the Cowdray hounds, the successors of the old Goodwood hounds

IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY



H.E. THE HON. SIR STANLEY JACKSON

The present Governor of Bengal, who is home on leave. "Jacker" in his cricketing days to all who knew him, has never perhaps had to bat on such a bad wicket as the Bengal one. He was in the Harrow XI, captain of the Cambridge XI, and Yorkshire, Gentlemen v. Players, and England were some more of his caps. He is an uncle of the present Lord Allerton

RACING RAGOUT

By "Guardrail"



"TO YOU"—MR. J. SHEPHERD

Mr. J. Shepherd is the owner of To You, the grey four-year-old colt by Tetratema, who failed to bring his supporters' money home in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, won by the all-conquering Aga's Le Phare. To You started third favourite to Grand-master and Fleeting Memory

are any duller ones how they ever got married or survived the bucket of water and brick test at birth is a mystery). With Lemnarchus, The MacNab, Four Course, The Recorder, and Quinine, he did a public service to all, and these five will pay to follow the rest of the season. The Recorder may be the best three-year-old of the year, and he and Quinine are improving every day, while St. Honore, who gave Thyestes a good race, was the best two-year-old to make his first appearance at the meeting.

Another old friend who obliged was Major Sir Harold Wernher's Brown Jack, who looks better than ever this year and might win the Cesarewitch. This is one of the most popular horses in training, and he was followed home by another in Jugo, who seems to run in the first three two days a week all through the season over any distance. The entire assembly laid any odds asked for on Brown Jack to a man, the only bet traceable to anything else being the ten shillings placed by a young gentleman of the *nom de plume* of Osric on Fairy Prince, possibly for some reason of sentiment. This grey was outclassed but will win races.

The weather held up on the Thursday, which I am informed is the real St. Swithin's day, due to the dislocation of the saints' days in the calendar, but it was never really blazing hot enough for bathing, anyway for those who consider the sun an essential. There was said to be an informal bathing parade after a dance at one of the seaside resorts, but one feels it can only have consisted of those who are habitually affected by the moon, and most of them were walking pretty lame on their lacerated feet next day. After the last race the crowd split like a shrapnel, some going direct to Deauville, some to Le Touquet, some home, some to Scotland, but none to London, which on the Friday night was a city of the dead.

The Embassy and Ciro's close down on the Thursday and reopen at Cannes and Deauville on the Friday; half the clubs

SO far as the backer was concerned Goodwood was truly "glorious," and even if His Grace does show the loss on the meeting as stated by one of the daily papers, he has the satisfaction of knowing that no one else did. Generally there is one black day out of the four, but this year every day was a winner, and not a single odds-on chance came unstuck with the exception of Press Gang's dead-heat with Ut Majeur, largely due to the former having to make his own running. It is a thousand pities he is out of the St. Leger, but probably Fred Darling's selected will win it in any case. With his nine winners at the meeting this trainer's name was on everyone's lips as often as at a cocktail party of what are described as the "brighter young marrieds" (though if there

are closed for cleaning and the other half who take in their members are nearly empty with the exception of The Forty-Three, which, even if it has no reciprocal arrangement with the Athenæum, continues crowded as usual while its owner is on holiday.

The Saturday at Alexandra Park, the "North London venue," or home meeting, is a weather-gauge of the blackness, or otherwise, of Goodwood. A bad Goodwood means a crowded members' enclosure, all climbing out at what is generally the easiest place in England to back winners. Again "the books" must have got it where the chicken got the axe, and one penciller told me with his tears nearly quenching his cigar, that out of twenty-four races at Goodwood he had only won on three slightly, and on none at "Ally Pally." I shall, however, need no aspirin to make me sleep about his troubles, having often only backed one winner in ten myself. Stanley Wootton must have just recovered his fine for omitting to take out his licence when Truncheon cantered away with the Metropolitan Selling Plate after being backed from 6 to 1 to 100 to 30, and the place would, somehow, not have seemed the same if he had not scored a success there. Probably one of the biggest gambles of the day was on Mount Hawke, who everyone backed in the last race. In a desperate struggle in which he was the only horse who refused to struggle, he won by the shortest of heads from an avalanche of about four other horses all within a head of each other.

The Sussex Fortnight fills in the afternoons for those who are spending their holidays on the South Coast, but very few bother to make the journey to these little meetings on purpose unless they have a runner or something to have a bet on. By the time this appears grouse-shooting will have started, and apparently, for once in a way, it is going to be a good year after the last lean seasons.

Many of the best forests are unlet this year owing to shortage of cash; the fishings are in many cases unlettable, partly for this reason and partly due to the run of bad seasons, and the Scottish landlords are having a hard time. Perhaps Empire Free Trade will be adopted and put things right, but the outlook is rather grey.

With the exception of one or two park meetings, racing is very small beer till that most enjoyable autumn meeting on the Knavesmire, followed by Doncaster with its sales, or possibly, this year, gifts.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL "KID" KENNEDY

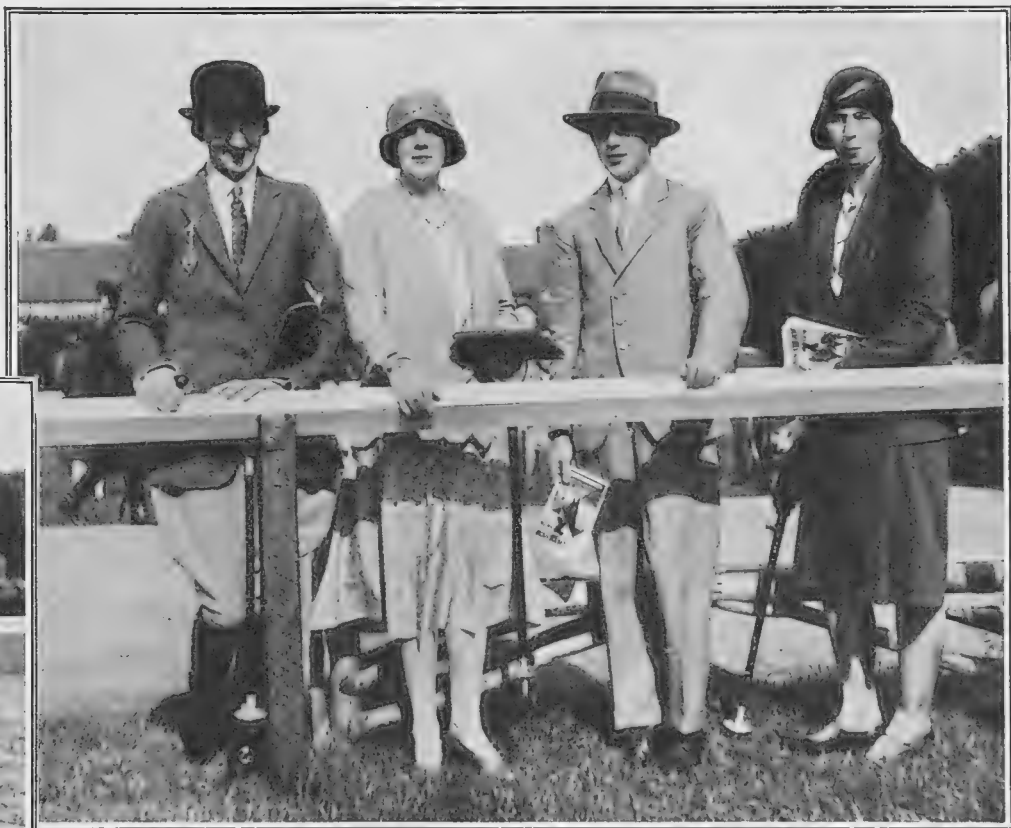
An aptly titled picture because Brigadier-General "Kid" Kennedy is the head of the famous "Blower" system. There was plenty of blast and not a little rain at the recent Goodwood meeting, where this picture was caught



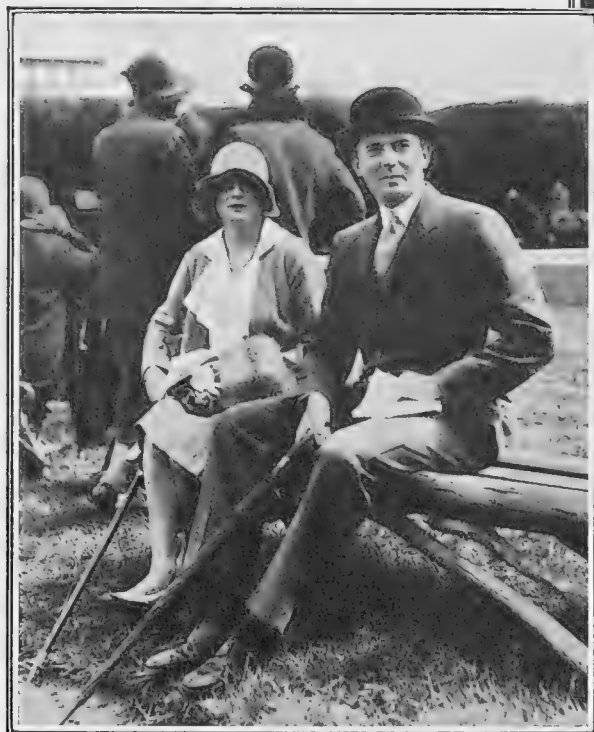
MISS D. O'BRIEN AND HER SISTER, MRS. BOYLAN LIEUT.-COL. F. D. ALEXANDER THE HON. MRS. CRIPPS AND LADY CURZON

DUBLIN CALLING

Irish and English supporters
of the Royal Dublin Society's
Horse Show at Ballsbridge



WATCHING THE JUDGING: MRS. ALEXANDER, THE HON. MRS. NIGEL BARING, DESMOND BARING, AND MRS. EUSTACE-DUCKETT



MRS. GORDON FOSTER AND
MR. HILTON GREEN, M.F.H.

The internationally famous Dublin Horse Show, Ireland's premier sporting fixture, which for four days draws horse lovers from far and near to Ballsbridge, opened on August 5 in unexpectedly fine weather. A new record in entries was established and the standard was, as usual, of the highest. Sir Timothy O'Brien's daughters, Miss Doreen O'Brien and Mrs. Edward Boylan, both excellently equipped, were taking part in ring activities, while Colonel "Priest" Alexander and Mrs. Freddie Cripps were two of Meltonshire's large contingent of personalities. Lady Curzon had plenty to interest her, for the Dublin Show is always a big attraction to owners. This year practically every racing stable in England was represented. Mr. Hilton Green, who went to the Meynell last season, and is one of the best amateur huntsmen in England, is seen with the wife of the Master of the Sinnington. Mrs. Alexander and Mrs. Eustace-Duckett, are the daughters of Mrs. Hall, the Master of the Carlow, and Mrs. Baring, who is hunting again next season with the Limerick, is Lord Fermoy's cousin

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



AT THE STRACATHRO FÊTE, ANGUS.
Mitchell Laing

Mrs. Shaw-Adamson and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell at the recent fête at Mr. William Shaw-Adamson's seat, Careston Castle, Angus. Mrs. Shaw-Adamson is the daughter of the late Right Hon. J. A. Campbell, P.C., D.L., of Stracathro, Angus

who shall deny that his point of view is shared by every thinking and observant person? If happiness be the end of life—as it should be were we not imbued by that wretched dictum which states that life was given us “only on trust”—and if religion be the mainspring of our everyday—also as it should be if it means anything at all—then the West has small need to tell the East what to discard, what to destroy; briefly, how to live. You have only to realize the unnecessary fetters by which the Western world is bound, the misery and the unhappiness which is the rule rather than the exception; above all, the memory of the Great War and all the other conflicts of greed and futility which make life for the majority so heart-breaking, to realize that the West had better keep its stone-throwing for itself. In art, in literature, in the joy and happiness of life and religion, it can teach the Eastern world nothing. It can, indeed, learn from the East a lot. Considering its advantages, it has, to be perfectly honest, more to be ashamed of. It is, however, superior in drainage. We will allow that. “How About Europe” is more a series of notes than a book. Mr. Douglas propounds no remedies. He merely points out that people in moral glass houses are always the first to throw moral stones. On the theory, presumably, that the stoned, if they be stoned incessantly, are so busy dodging missiles that they haven't the opportunity to pick one up and take aim on their own behalf. His examples of Europe's own cruelty, ignorance, and money-grubbing vindictiveness are decidedly apt. Sometimes, perhaps, he is rather inclined to quote excitable paragraphs from excitable second-rate journals to prove his indictment, but on the whole his indictments are often unanswerable. Tax-ridden, law-ridden England has nothing, indeed, to show the East in the way of Liberty. It is one of the direst signs of the time to realize how a thousand silly restrictions,

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By Richard King

By Comparison with the East.

“How About Europe” (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.) is Mr. Norman Douglas' reply to that famous diatribe, “Mother India.” Briefly it is a résumé by a Westerner of how the West compares unfavourably with the East from his point of view. And

hampering individuality, creating a whole list of unnecessary “offences,” are endured by English people with only a whispered verbal protest. The moral hypocrisy which, strangely enough, seems to follow inevitably upon Christianity, has undermined our ability to face the truth gladly when we do not wish to see it at all. Mr. Douglas, however, reviews the state of Europe as a whole, not entirely his own country. His book may make you furious, but it should make you think. Think for yourself, too, that modern miracle, as rare as all miracles ever are. “How About Europe” is certainly a stimulating book. And the longer I live the more I realize how most of it is only too tragically true. It is certainly a stone thrown at our glass-house European complacency. Consequently it will make lots of people very angry. Thank goodness for that! Anger is the sure sign of a weak defence.

Thoughts from “How About Europe.”

“A man who reforms himself has contributed his full share towards the reformation of his neighbour.”

“Self-respect and ease of soul are qualities so rare nowadays that most of us have forgotten what they mean.”

“Education is a State-controlled manufactory of echoes.”

“Laziness is the hall-mark of idealism.”

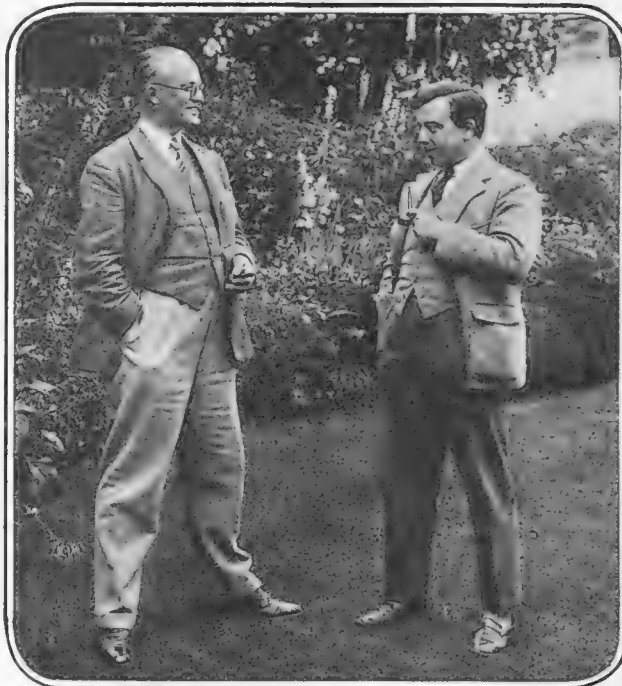
“Our social machinery is clogged by what were once adaptations and are now anachronisms as useless and menacing as the vermiform appendix.”

“Our Statute Book is growing into a sinister contrivance for the conservation of fools. It is saturated with the delusion that men must be protected not only against each other but against themselves.”

“Man-hunting by newspaper is the lowest level to which humanity has yet sunk.”

A Love-story Which is Really Life-like.

While I was reading Colette's “Mitsou” (Gollancz. 6s.), I could not help wondering how an English authoress, even one of Colette's great reputation, would have treated the same theme. The outline is just a simple love-story between a revue actress and a young lieutenant during the War, but the French writer has made it a veritable slice of real life. I rather fancy that an Englishwoman would have made it simply a love-story—about as fraught with veritable meaning as a drawing-room ballad of the 'nineties. For instance, the chapter in which Mitsou and her Lieutenant, in Blue slept together for the first time would either have been omitted altogether or else raised into that Seventh Heaven of wonder which in reality is only the prelude to a bedroom scene, never the actual experience. Colette gives us the whole scene, which is as necessary, more necessary in fact, to her theme than all the love-letters which her two lovers exchanged while apart. For it was while they were alone together that the Lieutenant realized fully that he did not love Mitsou in the way he had imagined, while, on her part, the girl's intuition told her that here was merely a simulated passion, not the passion of sheer ecstasy. Indeed the whole story reeks so strongly of reality that quite a number of senseless people will be convinced that it isn't a love-story at all, or even a proper one. They will fail to perceive the quite astounding psychological as well as the physiological truth



TWO FAMOUS NOVELISTS—MR. HUGH WALPOLE AND MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY

It is rarely that the camera is so lucky as to get a right-and-left like this and bag two such literary lights in the one spot. The picture was taken in the beautiful old-world garden of Mr. Walpole's house at Brackenburn, just above Lake Derwentwater, when Mr. Priestley was on a visit to Mr. Walpole for a few days. It will be remembered that Mr. Walpole and Mr. Priestley collaborated in the writing of “Farthing Hall” (1929)

(Continued on p. 266)

HER REST CURE

By George Belcher



"Yus, the beak give 'im fourteen days, and now the 'ouse is so bloomin' peaceful I can't sleep o' nights!"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

behind it. Mitsou, however, is a real character. So content to take her middle-aged protector as a not-too-disagreeable necessity; so pleased by the heterogeneous vulgarity which surrounds her, and yet so forlornly philosophical when she realizes that the youth she loves, unknown to her protector, belongs to a more refined, a more educated world; so she can never keep him, never make him love her as she loves him. But she will try to attain his level if she can. Yes, even if the result be unavailing; for has he not shown her the more refined life? In the meanwhile, and when—also alas, *if!*—he is given his next leave . . . she will be his if he wants her. But perhaps he will never want her; never want her, that is, for anything more than that. She is only the woman—he loves when he is away from her. A hundred subtle differences separate them in intimacy. As I wrote above, there is a charm about this slight story which belongs to real people, and to real life. It is no idyll in a pretty, romantic way. It is an idyll of actuality. Which is to say that it has the sadness of inevitability, the pathos which belongs to the unavoidable second best. It is a story which you will remember.

A First-rate Yarn.

Having been rather disappointed by Edgar Wallace's new thriller, "White Face" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), which contains the "stock figure" of an imbecile detective, a heroine whose initial idiocy is the prelude to some certainly exciting but highly improbable adventure, and a plot somewhat difficult to follow—or overcrowded is it, by characters?—I was in no correct mood to enjoy Cecil Roberts' new novel, "Havana Bound" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), scenting the usual murder on the high seas and the usual manufactured blood-curdlings. But I had scarcely finished the first chapter before I realized that I was at the beginning of a first-rate yarn. The characters which Mr. Roberts introduces us to on board the boat bound for Havana have life and individuality. Even the mysterious and beautiful Cuban dancer is no "stock figure," although she may perhaps be derived from "stock." As for the murder—the death of a German jewel-expert by drowning—it is mysterious enough to excite an even satiated reader of thrills. But it is when the hero reaches Havana on a visit to an immensely rich uncle that the real excitement begins. With so many villains thirsting after the blood of both uncle and nephew it is a wonder they ever survived the first fortnight together. But they did, and the happy result is not improbable. Nor was it improbable that the girl whom Uncle Bernardo wanted his nephew to marry should turn out to be just the girl whom that

young man would want to marry without any persuasion. There is a vitality about Mr. Roberts' characters which makes them seem real even amid the melodrama of their lives. Of its kind "Havana Bound" is one of the very best yarns I have read for a long, long while. It is splendidly written, and its interest and excitement never lag on a single page. I am often asked by people to recommend them a good novel to take away with them on their holiday. Here it is. As good a holiday or railway-journey book as they will find among the newer publications.

A Remarkable Story.

Without the least hesitation I say that "Miss Mole" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), by E. H. Young, is among the most outstanding novels of the year. Its shrewdness, its humour, its general cleverness are remarkable. There are some good novels which you read, enjoy, and—forget. I venture to assert that if you read this one you will not only enjoy it but you will remember Miss Mole as long as you live. She is that kind of literary creation. Sallow, fortyish, shabby, in a black-silk and "jetty" kind of way, she looks at first sight the kind of a woman born to be a "respectable housekeeper." But as you get to know her—what a difference! As she saunters along the main street of Radstowe, the small cathedral town which has been her "background" for thirty years, one might easily pass her by without noticing—well, lots of small but important details which proclaim her to be most things she does not appear to be at first sight. She is, however, out of work. Not for the first time, because it is part of her artistry to be forever drifting here and there, seeking a niche which she can cultivate. Being out of work, and so realizing it to be no moment for admiring the blue-misted river, she goes into

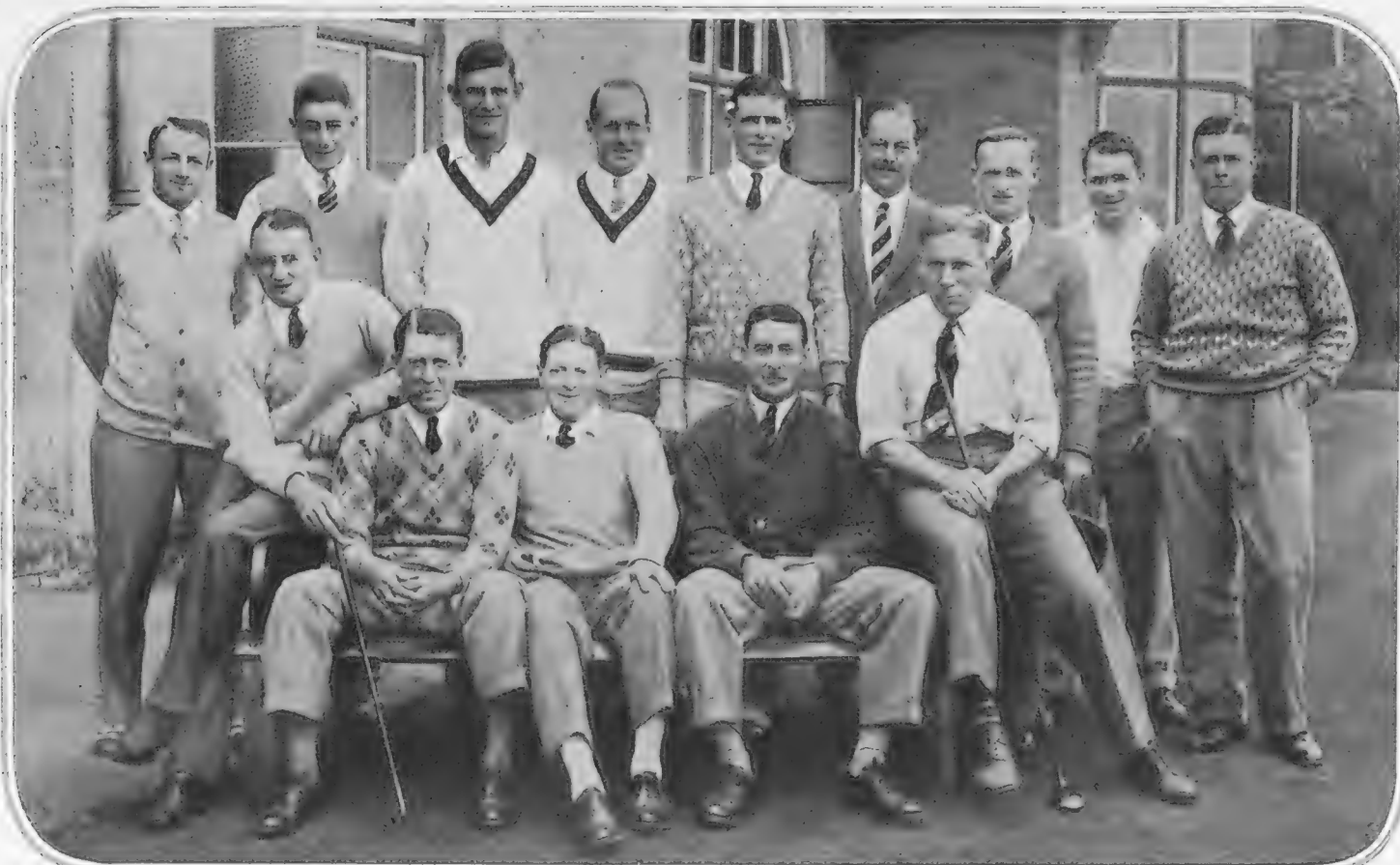
a tea-shop to seek the comfort of coffee and buns. In the tea-shop there is a prosperous, well-upholstered person—her cousin Lilla. Lilla is among the very few who realize that Miss Mole is not the decayed spinster, frumpish and of small account, which Radstowe believes her to be. Consequently she views Miss Mole's subsequent job as housekeeper to the household of the Rev. Robert Corder, leader of the Nonconformist flock, with only a little less dismay than if she had been obliged to offer her cousin a home with her. Miss Mole in the Corder household provide us with an endless entertainment. Such delineation of a real, yet uncommon character, stamps the book as a novel in about ten thousand. And that is a low estimate, considering all the published trash.



SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, K.B.E., R.A.

By Autori

It is rarely that one of the greatest of portrait artists of this or any other time falls a victim to one of his own species, but it has happened in this case. Once upon a time when some one's horse won the Grand National the trainer informed an attentive world that his portrait was to be painted by "that there Sir 'Enery Orpington"—a fact of which the distinguished artist is perhaps unaware



THE AUSTRALIAN XI VISIT MR. BEN TRAVERS IN SOMERSET

Samuel Wyatt

Having finished their match against Somerset in two days the Australians went to play golf at Burnham, as the guests of Ben Travers, on the third day, Friday, August 1. This group was taken at the Burnham and Berrow Golf Club at Burnham, Somerset, and the names, left to right, are: Standing—D. G. Bradman, A. Hurwood, P. M. Hornibrook, E. L. a'Beckett, T. W. Wall, Colonel Kyngdon (secretary of the club), C. V. Grimmett, C. W. Walker, W. H. Ponsford; sitting—S. McCabe, A. Kippax, Ben Travers, V. Y. Richardson, A. A. Mailey. When Mr. Ben Travers is not writing one of those sparkling plays which make the Aldwych quite unconcerned about theatre slumps, there is nothing he likes better than playing cricket, and he and our friends the enemy are old pals, as he went to Australia the last time, when Chapman and Co., the famous dustmen, were so busy sweeping up the Ashes



SOCIETY UP NORTH BERWICK WAY

Photographs by Balmain

MISS SALLY LINDLEY AND LADY MARGARET BINGHAM

MISS DAPHNE MULHOLLAND, LADY ELLEN LAMBART, AND LORD CAVAN

LADY CAVAN AND MISS DAPHNE MULHOLLAND

Golf and grouse are at the moment the two leading industries up in the north and both are going exceptionally strong, particularly the birds. All these snapshots were taken at breezy North Berwick last week. Miss Sally Lindley is a daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, British Ambassador to Portugal, and Lady Margaret Bingham is Lord and Lady Lucan's younger daughter; General Lord Cavan, an ex-C.I.G.S., and who did so well when he was commanding on the Italian front in the War, is with his step-daughter and his sister. Miss Daphne Mulholland is Lady Cavan's daughter by her first marriage to the late Captain the Hon. Andrew Mulholland



"JOHNNIE" ARRIVES—AT SYDNEY!

A belated but none the less interesting picture of how the lady, who prefers that the world should call her "Johnnie" instead of Miss Amy Johnson, landed. She arrived in Sydney in the big plane, "Southern Sun"; her little "Jason" in which she flew from Croydon to Australia is seen overhead. If Australia's welcome to this plucky lady was rated "enthusiastic," it is difficult to find a word to describe England's

Landing Speeds.

IT is a mystery to me how the purchasers of aeroplanes decide which type they are going to buy. They certainly use less discrimination than when they are buying Aunt Matilda's Christmas present; in fact it seems that the maximum of unsuitability is usually the guiding factor. The ham-handed novice frequently chooses the Schneider Trophy type of aeroplane, which takes half England for a landing-ground. The result is that he begins to dislike flying soon after he has begun it. He finds cross-country work in an aeroplane which can only be brought down at the largest established aerodrome extremely trying to the nerves; but he fails to see that his aeroplane and not himself is at fault. In time he decides to give up attempting to go from place to place by air, and another person is added to those who have tried aviation and who go about afterwards saying that it is impractical. Yet that same novice, had he chosen the right machine, might have found much enjoyment in flying.

Let an attempt be made to discover the points for which the purchaser of an aircraft, who is an average amateur pilot, should look. But first let us discriminate between the terms "low landing speed" and "floating." Many aeroplanes are said to have a tendency to "float" on landing. They are said to sail along near the ground for some distance before they finally settle down, and this evidently would make them difficult to land in a small space. The tendency to float afflicts in particular aircraft with high aerodynamic efficiency. Now I do not believe that there is such a thing as a tendency to "float." If an aeroplane, when it is being landed, sails along the ground for a great distance before it finally stalls and touches the grass, it has been brought in too fast. The whole criticism about floating, which has been directed against many of the latest types of light aeroplanes, including the Puss Moth, rests upon a misconception. Any aeroplane will float if it is brought in too fast, and conversely no aeroplane will float if it is brought in at the right speed. Even the Schneider Trophy racers—and I advance the criticism with due diffidence—need not have floated if they had been brought in nearer to their stalling speeds.

Clearly the less the margin between the stalling speed and the speed of the glide, the greater the danger. But the margin may be less with an aeroplane of high aerodynamic efficiency

Air Eddies : By OLIVER STEWART

than with one of low aerodynamic efficiency. One will lose the remaining margin of speed very slowly and the other very quickly. The aeroplane with high aerodynamic efficiency may, with perfect safety, be brought down at a speed closer to its stalling speed than an aeroplane with low aerodynamic efficiency. If an aeroplane floats before it touches the ground it has been brought down too quickly, provided always that the pilot has no special reason, such as bad bumps or great heat, for adding to the usual margin on the glide. When pilots complain that an aeroplane tends to float it is a sign that the aeroplane is a particularly efficient one, and is a strongly favourable criticism, whether it is meant to be or no.

Two Points for Buyers.

Potential aeroplane owners should therefore put all considerations about "floating" out of their minds when they are making their choice and should concentrate upon two features—landing speed and the height that can be cleared in a given distance when taking off. The first and most important feature for the private owner, and indeed for everyone who regards flying as a means of getting about safely and without unnecessary expenditure of nervous energy, is the landing speed. Thirty-five m.p.h. is good, but 30 m.p.h. is better. And if the top speed can still be kept up so much the better. And in this matter of landing speed and top speed I think that too little credit has been given to the Breda, one of the most remarkable machines of the year.

The Breda is the pioneer of the high wing enclosed cabin light monoplane. It introduced a type of aircraft which looks like ousting all other types in the process of time. And it still leads the way in this vital matter of speed range. It is claimed that the Breda's landing speed is 25 m.p.h., and the claim, as I have learnt recently, is justified. The top speed is something like 112 m.p.h. No other cabin aeroplane, so far as I am aware, can offer so wide a speed range, and on that account alone it should be the first machine examined by the private aeroplane owner when he is considering a purchase. It is true that the machine is not of British make, but that cannot concern us if it offers something that British machines do not offer. The Bugatti car furnished a parallel in the motor-car world. It had no equivalent among British-made machines, and therefore anyone wishing for that type of car had to buy a foreign one. In any event it is old-fashioned and parochial to give the goods of one's own country preference for any other reason than that they merit it. The excellence of British light aeroplanes has frequently been pointed out in these notes, but foreign machines, when I am given the opportunity to ascertain for myself that their qualities do actually bear out the claims that are made for them, will obtain fair notice. Up to the present there is a suggestion that the Breda has not been given the credit it deserves solely because it is not of British manufacture. It is therefore time to make amends and to salute an exceptionally fine light plane.



MR. JEFFS, MAJOR BOYES, AND
CAPTAIN WORRALL

Three celebrities in the world of aeronautics, Mr. Jeffs being the man who has been engaged in saving amateur pilots from themselves by organizing the aerodrome control at air pageants. Major Boyes is a director of National Flying Services, Ltd.

THE CAMERA AT MILTON HILL

With their daughter
Marye : Viscount and
Viscountess Dunwich
at home in Berkshire

*Photographs by Miss Compton Collier,
West End Lane*



GUARDED BY THE CAIRN: LADY DUNWICH
AND THE HON. MARYE VIOLET ISOLDE ROUS

The advent of Lord and Lady Dunwich's baby daughter occurred this spring and, as these photographs suggest, the Hon. Marye Violet Isolde Rous receives her full meed of parental approbation. Even the Cairn terrier realizes that there is something rather "speshul" about this young person. She shares a Christian name with her aunt, Lady Dunwich's only sister, who married Mr. William West in June. Lady Dunwich is the late Lord Arthur Grosvenor's elder daughter, and was one of last year's brides. Her father-in-law, Lord Stradbroke, is a large landowner in Suffolk and shows excellent sport with the Henham harriers, his private pack. Lady Stradbroke was very dangerously ill during the winter, and it was some months before she became convalescent





A GROUP OF CELEBRITIES AT MONTE CARLO

At the back on the left in a white hat is Mr. Robert Garden, the father of Miss Mary Garden, the world-famous operatic star. In front, left to right, are: Mr. Jack Wilson, Miss Doris Chapman, Mr. Ian Smeterlin (the famous pianist), Mrs. Smeterlin, Miss Helene Garden, Miss E. Garden (sisters of Miss Mary Garden), and Mr. Noel Coward, whose new comedy is "Private Lives"

AND it's terribly glad I am, Très Cher, to be down by the glad sea waves again. They are glad enough as to motion but somewhat gloomy as to colour. The weather is not all that could be desired, though the natives assure me, and I believe them, it is better than elsewhere. Paris, for instance. Anyway the weather, as yet, does not worry me. There is always so much to do in the way of pleasant household chores when one gets back to a little sea-side home that has been closed all winter.

One's *lares* and *penates* need setting in order; one gets all sorts of happy surprises (some less happy, thanks to the ministrations of the mingy moth) when one comes to look over one's bits and pieces after ten months' absence. And isn't a garden an amazing thing when one can't afford the all-year-round-help of a PROFESSIONAL? Flowers that—if one may believe the letterpress under the pretty picture on the wrapper that contained the seeds—are supposed to spring eternal every summer have utterly vanished and something that looks like parsley grows instead. Where there was lavender is now a clump of wild garlic. I am aware of this more from my sense of smell than from any knowledge of botany. My botany is vague. I remember something about dicotyledons and monocotyledons (I don't ever vouch for the spelling) and something mysterious called calyx-of-sepals (?), which I always thought would be such a pretty name for an actress! But I digress. . . . To return to the garden—you'll forgive my annual burble about this absurd little home of mine, won't you?—the honeysuckle has done nicely thank you, the hydrangeas are positively blousy and the marigolds have almost grown into a hedge. For the rest I will draw a veil; where I had hoped for a verdant lawn (or patch of it at any rate) there is nothing but the brown stubble of some coarse vegetation. I have an idea, however, judging from certain souvenirs strewn carelessly about, that the horse, the cow, and the ass of my neighbour (whom I must love even as myself) have a good deal of devastation to answer for. Ah well, since I have always been an animal lover how can I complain?

I had somewhat an eventful trip on my way down here this time. I am as fond of *le sport*—as we call it in this country—as most people but, mercy, what an eye-full I got on the Sunday of my departure from town. I left after lunch hoping to miss the Sunday morning exodus of Sunday drivers. Instead of missing anything I got mixed up in one of the worst crowds I have ever wasted petrol in. It was, of course, the last day of the Davis Cup finals, and being also Sunday . . . well . . . well! By the way, have you heard about the little display of temper by Tilden during the match when he beat Borotra? Quite Lenglenish and temperamental and all that. It was Borotra's service and the Big Bill boy, who had been having trouble with his shirt, chose an awkward moment to tuck in that sagging garment. The referee, dear fat old Nicolas

Priscilla in Paris

Rodelsperger, was obliged to give an adverse decision when Tilden claimed that he had spoken in time, and would not allow Borotra to serve over again as he immediately offered to. B.B.B. didn't like it at all and let everybody know it, too. Moral.—Don't have a shirt that flutters! If needs be, tie horse-shoes to the tails. They might be uncomfy but they would probably bring good luck.

AFTER leaving the Stade Roland Garios behind me I then got mixed up with the hundreds of thousands of spectators that had turned out to meet the Tour de France Cycle Race that was returning to Paris that afternoon. Every road in a south-westerly direction was a-bloc with cars and vehicles of all sorts. Picnic parties lined the highways all the way to Versailles. I tried a dozen different routes but they were all impossible. It was almost as bad as a National Holiday . . . indeed it was a National Holiday, especially for those cyclists who have been tearing over the high roads of La Belle France for the last three weeks or so.

AFTER Versailles the going was good, but in the forest of Rambouillet, where I stopped to let the dog have a run, I came across two young fools in the ditch. They had tried to turn in a narrow by-path and their back wheels had slithered into a mess of dead leaves. Such foolish infants, but so delightful. He may have been twenty-two, she was eighteen! She had borrowed papa's car! Can't you see 'em? When I butted in they had just succeeded in burying their jack in the soft earth of the ditch in a vain effort to lift the car. What could I do but lend them mine and show them how to give it a solid foundation with a flat stone. Then we had to do a bit of road building, and I had to restrain the youth from trying it long before it was ready, and I had to wait when he bumped his forehead and the little lady kissed it to make it well . . . and it grew dark and the midges stung. . . . Anyway, I packed them off home at last . . . but it was 2 a.m. before I slid into Anger, where I thanked God a many times for the Hotel d'Anjou—of so excellent renown.

—PRISCILLA.



AT MONTE: MRS. BERTRAM MARION-CRAWFORD

Mrs. Marion-Crawford is a daughter of the late the Hon. Lincoln Stanhope, who was the 3rd son of the 8th Earl of Harrington. The 9th Earl was killed out hunting last season and was succeeded by his seven-year-old son



Yevonde, Victoria Street

M. JEAN BOROTRA—CHEVALIER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

The distinction conferred on Jean Borotra is officially stated to have been bestowed "for his services to France as one of the most brilliant agents of French influence in foreign countries"; but unofficially we know that this must be translated into helping to bring the Davis lawn-tennis cup back to France by putting the powerful Stars and Stripes Squad out of it. We in England have nothing quite answering to France's decoration, and if we had we might find it a bit difficult to decide upon whom to bestow it at the moment. The Heavy-weight Boxing Legion of Honour certainly could not be used, and we do not yet know the result of the Test Matches or the polo v. America. When we do . . . ?

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE

The pleasant snapshot below of the Hon. Mrs. Cary and her three-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Anne, was secured while they were on their way to take the sea's temperature at Frinton. Mrs. Cary is the wife of the Master of Falkland, and was married in 1926. She was formerly Miss Joan Southey



GOING DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN: THE HON. MRS. CARY AND HER DAUGHTER

AUGUSTUS JOHN IN CONNEMARA

The famous portraitist with Mrs. John and Lady Dorothea and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper at the Renoyle House Hotel in County Galway, where some of Ireland's loveliest scenery is to be found. Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper and her sister are the daughters of Lord Shaftesbury, who owns Belfast Castle, and was Chancellor of Belfast University for many years



UP NORTH: GENERAL SIR "TOBY" RAWLINSON AND COLONEL CHARLES HUNTER

Photographed in Sutherlandshire, where they have lately been fishing. The late Lord Rawlinson's brother, who is the author of several War books, was taken prisoner by Nationalist Turks while on special Intelligence duty in the East. The group on the right consists of Lord and Lady Cottenham and their daughter, Lady Paulina Mary Louise Pepys, in the arms of her nurse, also the godparents, Mrs. Gerald Portman, the Hon. John Pepys, Mrs. Gerald Mahon, and Mr. Robert Taylor. The christening took place at Maids Moreton in Bucks



AT THE CHRISTENING OF LORD AND LADY COTTENHAM'S DAUGHTER



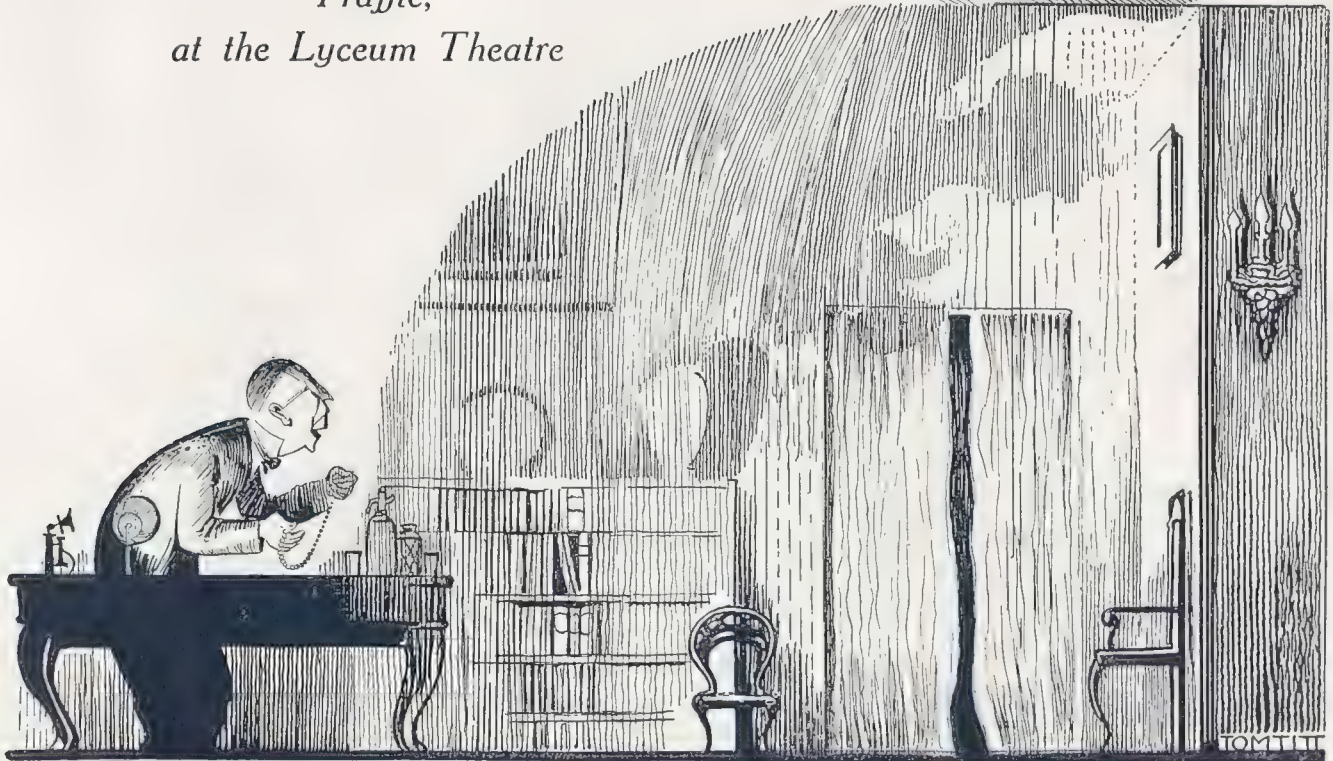
Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

MISS GLADYS COOPER (CLEMENCY) AND SIR GERALD DU MAURIER (JIM) IN "CYNARA" AT
THE PLAYHOUSE

The story of the too-perfect pair in which we see the too-perfect husband an iceberg which, like most icebergs, is apt to melt. The particular fire which does the melting is Doris, a little mannequin he meets in a Soho restaurant whilst his quite immaculate wife, Clemency, is away on the Continent trying to control a sister who is the reverse of an iceberg, from week-ending with a cinema stunt actor. There are most unfortunate complications between Jim and Doris, ending in her suicide and some terribly scathing remarks by the coroner. In the end Clemency forgives Jim and the customary final embrace brings the story to a close

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Traffic,"
at the Lyceum Theatre



THE SHADOW OF DEATH IN HAMPSTEAD

Almost the last we see of old Adam Yorke (Mr. Ashton Pearse), skull-cap, carpet slippers, stolen pearls and all, on the November evening when something happened, swiftly and horribly, behind the curtains, to disturb that nasty old gentleman's curiously assorted household. Adam persisted in double-crossing the gang whose speciality was selling innocent maidens into white slavery—dope and distance no object. "The Boss," an unknown quality but not to be trifled with, settled matters with a knife. By the time the detectives had finished taking notes the body had gone

FASHIONS change, even in crook plays. Comes a hazy pre-War vision of Professor Moriarty, bathed in green limelight, sitting at a desk surrounded with mysterious mechanical aids to torture. A lever when pulled opened a secret door to admit a confederate. A button when pressed removed part of the floor and precipitated the victim of the moment to the nethermost dungeon.

There was no question of Moriarty being someone that he wasn't. Only a congenital idiot would have layed his next-door neighbour two to one in sixpences that the presser of buttons was a Scotland Yard detective in disguise. The question before the house was never "Who did it?" but merely "How does the detective escape and how often?"

Nowadays infernal machines and cigar ends burning in the dark are not enough. We come to guess as well as to gasp. Two rules prevail. One is that the audience must be kept in the dark up to the last moment concerning the identity of the arch-villain. Two, that all the best gangs of crooks should take their orders from an individual known as "Number One" or "The Chief," who remains so completely incognito that not one of his confederates has the slightest conception of who he is.

A SPOT OF CHLOROFORM

A baffling incident which makes it all the harder to guess whether Adam Yorke's mysterious nephew is "The Boss" himself, one of his myrmidons, or on the side of the angels. The victim (Miss NESTA Elizabeth) is on the point of being taken up West for a joy ride, doped, and motored to Limehouse for shipment to the Argentine on a Dago's yacht. Yorke, Junior (Dennis Neilson-Terry), gets his anæsthetic in first

Dr. Noel Scott knows the rules and keeps them. *Traffic* as a guessing game for plain folks is a huge success; it should be played for many a night at the Lyceum. I thoroughly enjoyed it. It made me jump, and it kept me guessing—wrong.

Really, with only a few minutes to go, it ought to have been so simple. It was a dark November night in Poplar—not Wapping this time, because that health-resort belongs to Mr. Edgar Wallace. Two men faced each other in the back-parlour of The Three Pigeons. A gramophone was playing. Then the lights went out. Someone had turned off the gramophone.

"The Boss" was in the room prepared to stop the mouth of a squeaking subordinate. A sudden yell rent the darkness. Three of the loudest shots ever fired on any stage followed. The police rushed in from one side, the girl hiding in the next room from the other. Where was "The Boss?" Who was he—man, woman, or devil?

Present on this hair-raising occasion were, as far as we know, the following:

(1) Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, wearing a long brown overcoat and a muffler, and for some time concealed under a bed in the corner. The shots might have been fired by him; seeing that he carried a revolver. We may safely assume that,





ASSORTED TORTURE

The Dago buyer of young girls for cash (Mr. Tony de Lungo), the villain with the head-and-ear apparatus who is stone deaf and finally stone dead (Mr. Henry Carlisle), and the greater villain (Mr. Frank Royde) who thinks nothing of practising jiu-jitsu on recalcitrant damsels or giving them "a jab with the hypodermic" when the time comes for a long voyage. The object of these attentions is poor Ruby from Rio (Miss Joan Kemp-Welch) who dies one Act later from "The Boss's" knife

as the leading man, the wearer of the muffler would be either first fiddle or not in the band at all. Was he, or was he not, the leader of this gang of White Slave Dealers and jewel thieves? If so we must believe that a young man with so engaging a smile, such an insolent devil-may-care way with the ladies, but yet regrettably prone to over-indulgence in spirits, "swallowing in father's footsteps" he called it, had (a) murdered his uncle in cold blood; (b) robbed the old man's safe; (c) caused the body to be removed by magic under the noses of two detectives; (d) doped and bound a young, innocent, and deuced pretty girl; (e) murdered another girl who was neither young, innocent, nor pretty, merely because, having been shipped to Rio and driven to drink and dope, she proposed to get a little of her own back; and (f) polished off the deaf gentleman in the darkness of The Three Pigeons.

(2) Mr. Henry Carlisle, alias Vivian Mace, one of the gang. Mace, I thought, bore a faint look of resemblance to Mr. Willie Clarkson, and was deaf. If you dropped a bunch of keys at his feet he wouldn't hear them unless his earphones were properly fixed to his head and he held his loud-speaker-cum-receiver in his hand. Or would he? A nasty fellow.

(3) Mr. S. J. Warmington, representing Scotland Yard with a bowler hat of conventional design and a not too staggeringly intelligent manner. We pass on to—

(4) Miss Mary Glynne, formerly "housekeeper" to the murdered Uncle—and why? Because she had forged a cheque which was locked up in the old devil's safe. And why? Because she admitted to being a crook, and so was he, and she was in his power and didn't seem to mind, and in fact if ever a girl appeared to have a past and to be asking for trouble here was one. What nice girl would answer the door in pyjamas with such a casual shrug of the shoulders, such an impertinent toss of a shingled head? Why did she change places with Miss Nesta Elizabeth when that charming young person was lying chloroformed and gagged outside the window? Did she know that the gang were about to remove this pretty and defenceless orphan in a motor-car and sell her to a Dago, when the dope had done its work, for export to some heinous harem in the Argentine? Why this anxiety to face the perils of Poplar? To meet "The Boss" face to face and join the gang? That's what she said, but she'd say anything or nothing just as she felt inclined. When Mace met his doom she was hiding close at hand. Did she remove the mace, Mr. Speaker? Was she "The Boss"? Why not?

We have not quite finished. There is Mr. Lionel d'Arragon, keeper of The Three Pigeons, a brute and a bruiser of repellant mien. You observed how cruelly he twisted Miss Marjorie Playfair's arm, how eagerly he relished the effects of a dog-whip on her back and the assistance of a Chinese torturer. And there is Mr. Frank Royde, the kind of villain who can make a felt

hat look the most sinister thing on earth. Note how fiercely he applied the half-Nelson to Miss Joan Kemp-Welch, whom we have previously mentioned as the girl from Rio. Mr. Tony de Lungo found her in a touring revue when she was eighteen. When he had finished with her she took the usual sea voyage, and that was that. A highly suspicious character, this Italian buyer of stolen pearls and pretty girls. He walked about Poplar quite unconcernedly in evening dress while his boat hove to, waiting for the main prize—Miss Elizabeth; who was going to cost him £2,000, but he didn't get her or the money—to be slung aboard. We must reject his claim, however, for "The Boss" and "The Boss" best customer cannot be one and the same person.

That leaves Mr. Ashton Pearce, the muffler's uncle, whose death in Scene 1 was a sad loss. An evil, crafty old scoundrel who wore a velvet coat and skull-cap and showed his teeth like a wolf when cornered. It was he who had lured Miss Elizabeth to London and sold her to the Dago for £1,000 cash and £50 for himself. He had double-crossed "The Boss" over the pearls, and "The Boss" cut his throat. The noise, my dear Watson? Yes, I noticed it then, just before the murder, and again when poor Miss Kemp-Welch (ex Rio) was brought in covered in blood. It sounded like a swarm of bees, or else an aeroplane afar off, or a super-charged Bugatti on the Kingston by-pass. We may dismiss the phenomenon at once. It has nothing to do with the case.

Excluding the two police constables, who don't count, our last pawn is Mr. Cecil Parker, also from Scotland Yard. His habit of wearing a soft hat in the house, as opposed to a bowler, points to nothing strange. An officer, one would think, of more zeal than humour.

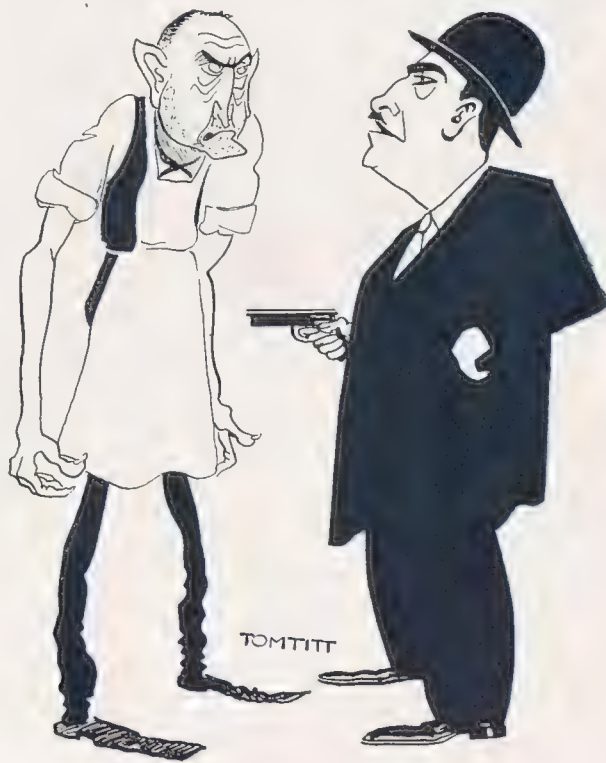
And now, my dear Watson, our data is complete. I trust the fog has lifted. If not, and you appreciate good, spirited acting by a team who know their business, permit me to recommend an early visit to the Lyceum. I will wager a dozen new patients to a pair of carpet slippers that you guess wrong. But then you always did.

"TRINCULO."



A PUZZLE IN PYJAMAS

This is how Adam's "housekeeper" strolls about the house at dead of night. Elizabeth (Miss Mary Glynne) has the cheek of the devil and the brain of twenty crooks



WHERE'LL YOU 'AVE IT?

Bob of The Three Pigeons (Mr. Lionel d'Arragon), one of the health resorts of Poplar, and Inspector Swinnerton of Scotland Yard (Mr. S. J. Warmington) having a little heart to heart talk

A ROSE OF PERSIA

IN ABYSSINIA



LIA NIAKO AT
THE COURT OF
H.M. RASTAFARI

H.M. the Emperor of Abyssinia, Ras Tafari, in a doubtless, praise-worthy desire to make his Court as up to date as possible, has decided to establish an Imperial ballet and an Imperial opera at Addis Ababa, and Lia Niako, a beautiful Persian dancer, has been put in supreme command of the former. She is now in Paris busy recruiting the other members of her ballet, and may also come to London to look for suitable material. Lia Niako is rated to have the most beautiful figure in all the romantic land of her and Omar Khayyam's birth





SILENT COMPANIONS

From the picture by A. A. Nash



The "George"
Glastonbury



Amid the "Inns" and outs of life **Player's Please**



CHAMELIÈRE NUBIENNE

From the picture in the Paris Salon by Styka



ALL ABOARD FOR MEADOWBROOK—SOME OF OUR PROBABLE

The names of the passengers, left to right, are: Mr. Aidan Roark, who with Captain R. George is a possible for the No. 1 position, and has been played who may be our No. 2 and not our No. 3; and Mr. L. L. Lacey, who is our back, and was so in 1924. Captain C. H. Tremayne, who is O.C. of be Major E. G. Atkinson, an International in 1924 and in 1927. Captain M. J. Kingscote goes out in charge of the ponies. The first match v. Am a ship the one which has taken our team and its ponies across the briny

By C. F. Bauer

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of



OUR PROBABLES FOR THE INTERNATIONAL POLO TEAM

and has been played in numerous trial matches over here; Captain C. T. I. Roark, who may be our No. 3 and not our No. 2; Mr. Gerald Balding, who is O.C. operations, and Mr. H. P. Guinness, the Greys, also go to America with our invading force, and another possible reserve may be the first match v. America for that International Cup is due to be played at Meadowbrook on Saturday, September 6, and if good wishes could sink across the briny would be loaded down well below the Plimsoll

By C. F. Bauer

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COWES IN HALF A GALE OF WIND



LORD CAMROSE'S "CAMBRIA" WITH HER LEE-RAIL AWASH

Cowes Week opened in half a gale of wind blowing in strong from the west-sou'-west, and there was a nasty bit of sea on, so that the first day's racing under the Royal London burgee was rather interfered with, and there were one or two casualties amongst the smaller boats. This picture was taken before the Royal London Y.C. Regatta. In the Cayley Memorial Cup on the first day, "Britannia," "Lulworth," "Cambria," "White Heather," and "Astra" did not leave their moorings, and it was a match between Mr. Andree's "Candida," and Mr. T. B. F. Davis' "Westward." The schooner had a reef in her mainsail and bare top-masts, and the "Bermudian" had two reefs down, so the kind of blast there was can be imagined. "Westward's" mainsail split, and "Candida" carried on under head-sails and try-sail and completed one round, when she was stopped. She passed through the Roads flying a protest flag!

AND SO TO GOODWOOD



LORD RONALDSHAY AND HIS
SISTER, LADY VIOLA DUNDAS



LORD AND LADY ESMÉ GORDON-
LENNOX KEEPING IN STEP



SITTING IT OUT: LADY ELLESMERE
AND (right) MRS. CROCKER BULTEEL



MISS CLAYTON BETWEEN THE HON.
ESMÉ AND THE HON. MARION GLYN



LADY AIRLIE (left) AND THE
HON. LADY MORRISON-BELL



LORD GRIMTHORPE (left) WITH
LORD AND LADY CHURCHILL

Though rain and thunder alternated with bursts of brilliant sunshine, the second day of the Goodwood meeting was an improvement on its predecessor, for the strong wind which had attended on the Tuesday was in less boisterous mood. More colour, too, was noticeable among the tailored suitings in which Society clothes itself when it concentrates on the Duke of Richmond's race-course. It is to be hoped that Lady Ellesmere profited by the good performance of her husband's Lemnarchus in winning the Lavant Stakes under top weight. Major and Mrs. Bulteel were members of Lord Woolavington's Goodwood house party. Lord Zetland's elder son recently came of age, and among other festivities in honour of the event was a huge banquet held in Grangemouth Town Hall. Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox was Miss Rosamond Palmer before her marriage, and Miss Glyn and her sister are Lord Wolverton's daughters. Lady Airlie is seen with Sir Clive Morrison-Bell's wife, whose leather coat was a wise provision

TO FINISH THE SEASON



LORD FAIRHAVEN (left) WITH
LORD AND LADY AIRLIE



ON THEIR HOME COURSE:
LORD AND LADY MARCH



LADY DORIS VYNER AND HER BROTHER-
IN-LAW, CAPTAIN EDWARD VYNER



MISS JOY VERNEY AND THE
HON. G. HAMILTON-RUSSELL



LADY ZIA WERNHER
AND MR. C. G. VYNER



LADY LEONFIELD (left) AND COLONEL AND
LADY EVELYN COLLINS LEAVING THE PADDOCK

Herewith another posse of persons who were under fire from the camera as the result of going to Goodwood. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond's house party for the occasion included Lord March, their only surviving son, and Lady March and their younger daughter, Lady Doris Vyner, and her husband, Mr. Clare Vyner. The Duke, in his wheeled chair, had a constant supply of friends talking to him. His racing colours, now again in action to everyone's delight, marked the badges for the private stand. Lady Zia Wernher has not had such a good season as last, when she won the Cambridgeshire with Double Life. However in the Goodwood Cup her Mail Fist did all that was expected of him in making the running for Sir Harold Wernher's gallant Brown Jack, whose victory with "Steve" up was most popular. Miss Joy Verney's engagement to Mr. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Boyne, was announced last month. Lady Leonfield brought a big party to Goodwood from Petworth House



MRS. CONDERT NAST

Dorothy Wilding

A recent portrait of the beautiful wife of Mr. Condert Nast who was formerly Miss Charlotte Brown, one of the most beautiful debutantes of 1927, and the first to introduce the long skirt. She is a daughter-in-law of Mr. Condert Nast who married his second wife within a few weeks of his son. Mrs. Condert Nast presented her husband with a little son a few days before her stepmother-in-law had a daughter

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS tells the following amusing story of a man who was saddened at the indifferent way his wife was treating him, and who appealed to a friend for advice:

"You know she doesn't seem the same these days," he complained.

"But do you treat your wife right?" asked the friend. "Do you admire her frocks, praise her cooking, take her home chocolates and flowers? All women appreciate things like that."

"The husband admitted that perhaps he had forgotten some of these little attentions, but decided to accept the advice. On his way home from the office that evening he purchased some of the choicest flowers he could find and a large box of chocolates."

"These are for you, my dear," he said to his better half when he reached home, and gave her a kiss. To his dismay his wife burst into tears.

"Oh, I'm so miserable," she sobbed. "First the butcher brings me the wrong joint, then cook leaves suddenly, and now you come home drunk!"

* * *

Here is another of Mr. Hicks' stories:

"A Canadian, who was a Catholic, and a Jew were walking in Montreal, where the bank is a matter of reverence. As they passed the cathedral the Catholic naturally removed his hat and bowed his head. The Jew did likewise."

"I didn't know you were a Catholic," said the Canadian.

"Why should you think I was?" asked the Jew.

"Well, you removed your hat when we passed the cathedral."

"Oh, was that the cathedral?" was the surprised reply; "I thought it was the Bank of Montreal."

* * *

An Irish farmer had a cow which was almost impossible to milk because of its restiveness so he decided to get rid of it, and he sent one of his men with it to market. The man returned with much more money than it was expected the cow would fetch, and the farmer asked him if he had told the truth about the cow. "Begorra, I did," replied the man. "The man asked me if she gave plenty of milk, and I said: 'Man, you'll be tired to death with the milking of her.'"

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

The mission was nearly over. One of the partners in the coal business had been converted, and tried to persuade his brother who was in partnership with him to go to the meeting. But his brother refused. "If I was to be converted, too, who's going to weigh up the coal?" he demanded.

* * *

"Which do you like better, balloon tyres or high-pressure tyres?" asked the motor enthusiast.

"I like balloon tyres better."

"What kind of a car is yours?"

"I haven't got a car. I'm a pedestrian."

* * *

It was a very wild night, with rain falling in torrents, and outside a house stood a swaying figure. A policeman happened to pass by and said, "Why don't you go inside out of the storm?"

"Shtorm? Shtorm?" came the answer. "My wife's waiting for me in there, and you call *this* a shtorm!"

* * *

The charge arising out of a motor smash was being heard by a jury on which there were three ladies. Counsel was examining the injured man. "Now, tell my lord and jury exactly where the car hit you." The witness blushed and looked at the women jurors. "Well, it's like this," he stammered, "if I'd been wearing a rear light it would have been broken."

* * *

She was trying to teach her class how to conjugate verbs. "When I say 'I have, thou hast, he has,'" she explained, "I am conjugating the verb 'to have.' Do you understand?"

They did.

"Very good. Now listen carefully, 'I love, you love, he loves.' What is that?"

A little boy's hand shot up—a little boy who was evidently a film fan.

"Please, miss," he said, "it's one of them there triangles when someone gets shot!"



LORD BURGHERSH

Dorothy Wilding

The son and heir of the Earl of Westmorland, who is still best known to his friends as "Burghey." He succeeded to the title in 1922 on the death of his father, and in 1923 married the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Capel who was the Hon. Diana Lister, a daughter of the late Earl of Ribblesdale, whose peerage is extinct. Lord Burghersh was born in 1924

Inefficiency versus Intelligence



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CAPTAIN WOOLF BARNATO'S FAREWELL PARTY

Some of Captain Woolf Barnato's guests at his farewell to motor-racing party at his house at Ardenrun, Lingfield. The names in this group are: Mr. Ted Shapiro, Mr. Charles Walsh, Miss Ursula Jeans, Miss Celia Palmer, Miss Sophie Tucker, and Miss Fay Shapiro

A GREAT number of words, which are current coin in our English prose, have accrued from the names of famous or otherwise, people, and we find them extremely useful and expressive, and often use them without according them the compliment of the capital letter to which they are fully entitled—such as, for instance, Mr. Bowdler's word "bowdlerise," Captain Boycott's "boycott," Mr. Elbridge Gerry's "jerrymander," a favourite one with our older Parliamentarians, Mr. John Collins' words for a beverage, and Mr. Spooner's word; but there is one expression which I think we must give up, and that is "Great Scott." We cannot go on using this after what happened when one gentleman gave another gentleman a few playful digs in the ribs at Wimbledon, and the other gentleman pretended that they hurt him so much that his one anxiety was never to hear the words "box-fight" again!

Of course many people greatly deplore the Americanization of the world at large and of the English language in particular, but if, apart from falling under the spell of a thing called the "ballyhoo," our boxers did get a bit more Americanized, how much sooner we should get back the thing we have not had since the days of hard-bitten Bob Fitzsimmons, the man who realized that a boxer's real job was to fight. Bob also never believed that spending ten days at the seaside getting photographed "training" was the right way to get his solar plexus so hard that it would stand a dunt with a blacksmith's hammer. I like some Americanisms enormously, and I am waiting with much anticipatory pleasure to hear Mr. W— C— say to Mr. P— S—, or *vice versa*, "Big boy, you've sure spit a bibfull"; but on the other hand I think this fight "ballyhoo" business is really dangerous, for the obvious reason that one or other of the two gentlemen principally concerned is going to be ticketed a liar the morning after. How dangerous, for instance, to say:

I am very confident of putting the skids under the American in spite of all the "Doubting Thomases."

Or:

Pay no heed to the pessimists. I am fit—and fighting fit at that. Stribling has said that he will knock me out, but until I am on the floor and wake up to find I have been counted out I shall refuse to believe the American is my master.

And then go down five times in 45 sec. ! And Boy Stribling, not having really started to hit in earnest! On the other hand some "ballyhoo" is quite safe. How about this one?

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

When I hit Scott and he don't fall down, I'm going to look behind him to see what's holding him up!"

And "Ma" said, "Give Scott what you gave Von Porat. Hurry home. Be listenin' in. All Okay. Lonesome. Ma." And "Pa" said, "It's got to be over within five rounds. I've got a date back here in town." All the same, perhaps we ought not to be too hard on Scott, for he said, "I plan a knock-out in the first round." He was only a quarter of a round out.

Mr. John A. M. Lethbridge, who is the trapper whose letters from Chihuahua, Mexico, have been published in these notes, and who has been in friendly controversy with Major Van der Byl, who is conducting a strong anti-trapping campaign, sends me the following further letter:—

I saw the article in THE TATLER of June 25 and I think it is only courtesy for me to answer you the question put to me by Major Van der Byl *re* the killing of foxes on the fox ranches, and you are welcome to publish my letter should you think fit.

My information is derived from the United States Department of Agriculture, Dept. Bulletin 1151, "Silver Fox Farming," see p. 52 (killing), it speaks for itself.

On my trap line I use a 22 pistol, one shot in the head and it is all over. I thoroughly agree about the shooting of deer. The amount of wounded is awful, and lots of these birds use small-calibre rifles and are not good shots; result—a lot more wounded animals than killed.

The paragraph in the U.S. Department of Agriculture "Bulletin," to which Mr. Lethbridge refers, is this:

In killing a fox the method generally pursued is as follows: The animal is caught with the tongs, taken to the killing shed, and laid on its side. The care-taker then places his foot on its chest and crushes out the life. This practice has been followed because it does not injure the pelt. Striking the fox on the back of the head with a club leaves a clot of blood on the pelt and sometimes cuts it.

A "more humane" method is suggested, i.e. an injection of strychnine over the heart after the trapped animal has been taken from the trap to the killing shed. Mr. Lethbridge, however, seems to be the only person with a humane method—shooting his catches at once on the trap line.



CAPTAIN WOOLF BARNATO AND SOME MORE GUESTS

At the party he gave to celebrate his retirement from motor-racing, Captain Woolf Barnato, who has won all his successes in Bentleys, in which he has a large holding, is the Alexander of motor-racing, for he has no more worlds to conquer! In this group are Mr. Eddie Mayo, Mr. P. G. H. Fender (captain Surrey C.C.), Captain Woolf Barnato, Captain Malcolm Campbell, and George Duller, as famous on the Brooklands track as he is over hurdles

FOR smart town or evening wear the new "Three Knots-de-Luxe" Real Silk Hosiery meets every demand. This elegant and extremely practical Hosiery is fully fashioned in extra fine gauge pure thread silk of heavy service weight. It is reinforced at all necessary points of wear. The suspender top is knitted extra width to give maximum elasticity and perfect comfort. A picot run stop definitely prevents ladders running from the suspender top into the pure silk leg of the stocking. This exquisite new "Three Knots" model is available with either plain or lace clox. Ask to see

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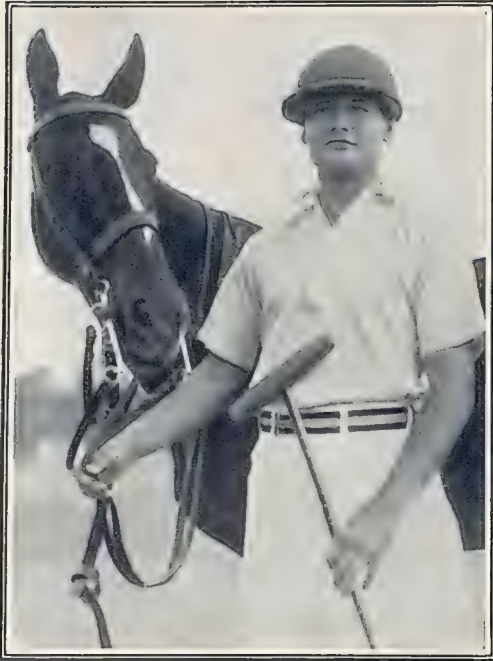


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MR. ERIC PEDLEY, AMERICA'S No. 1?

The latest news is that the Californian crack is almost a certainty for the spear-head of America's team. He is an 8-goal player, and has performed brilliantly in recent trial matches

in what is quite as big a sporting venture as the expedition of any English cricket or Rugger teams to Australia or New Zealand. In my idea it is even more interesting because this polo team—a good one without a doubt and stronger, as we think, than any since 1914—is going into a battle against very heavy odds, and that in itself lends exhilaration to any fight. The sporting patriot therefore—even if he understands little or nothing about the game owing to the very slight amount of publicity which polo in England obtains in the Press—we call “popular,” ought to sit up and take notice. I have considered that the quickest way in which to tell the story is to give the dates, teams, and results of these ten trials, and append a very short comment in italics, as lengthy discourses might tend to confuse people, also such yards of stuff have been written already, and there is nothing much more boring than a twice-told tale. So here is the little synopsis:

1st Trial: April 26, at Norton Beaufort Hunt Polo Club. Sides: *Hurlingham* (England)—Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby (1), Captain C. T. I. Roark (2), Captain C. H. Tremayne (3), Mr. H. P. Guinness (back). *Beaufort Club*—Mr. S. Sanford (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain J. F. Sanderson (3), Major E. G. Atkinson (back). *Result*—Hurlingham, 9—0.

This was uninformative. Hurlingham were on the International ponies—the vanquished were a scratch team.

2nd Trial: May 1, also at Norton. Sides: *Hurlingham* (same as above). *Beaufort*—Mr. S. Sanford (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Major E. G. Atkinson (3), Mr. Aidan Roark (back). *Result*—Hurlingham 6, Beaufort 5.

This match suggested an immediate alteration was necessary in the International side.

3rd Trial: Roehampton, May 17. Sides: *Whites* (International)—Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby (1), Mr. H. C. Walford (2), Captain C. H. Tremayne (3), Mr. H. P. Guinness (back). *Greens*—Mr. S. Sanford (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. Aidan Roark (back). *Result*—Greens 12, Whites 5.

This made it certain that the original mixture was wrong. It was a rout, not merely a defeat.

4th Trial: Hurlingham, May 24. Sides: *Blues* (International)—Captain R. George (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. Aidan Roark (back). *Whites*—Mr. S. Sanford (1), Mr. L. L. Lacey (2), Major E. G. Atkinson (3), Colonel P. K. Wise (back). *Result*—International won 8 to 6.

POLO NOTES

By “Serrefile”

Now that our International team is on the road to the theatre of war in America, where the really important trials will take place, and after which Captain Tremayne will have the troublesome job of making his final selection, a short summary of what has happened in England may aid anyone who is interested to keep abreast of any further news, and also, as I hope, stimulate public interest

The first real International side. I think they ought to have won a bit farther to be really convincing, especially as Mr. Lacey was played out of his real place—back.

5th Trial: Hurlingham, June 9. Sides: *England*—Mr. L. L. Lacey (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. Aidan Roark (back). *The Rest*—Captain R. George (1), the Marquis de Villabragima (2), Colonel P. K. Wise (3), Mr. J. A. E. Traill (back). *Result*—6 all.

Mr. Lacey, in his wrong place again, and a failure. Captain George an outstanding success.

6th Trial: Ranelagh, June 21. Sides: *England*—Mr. L. L. Lacey (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. Aidan Roark (back). *The Rest*—Mr. S. Sanford (1), the Marquis de Villabragima (2), Mr. J. A. E. Traill (3), Colonel P. K. Wise (back). *Result*—England won 8 to 4.

Mr. Lacey was all at sea at No. 1. When they put him back things went very differently. A not entirely satisfactory game anyway, but hopeful.

7th Trial: Roehampton, July 2. Sides: *England*—Mr. Aidan Roark (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. L. L. Lacey (back). *The Rest*—Captain R. George (1), Mr. G. G. Ashton (2), Major E. G. Atkinson (3), Mr. H. P. Guinness (back). *Result*—England won 13 to 3.

This match was a bit lopsided. The Rest were a very scratch team, and as it was one of the days when Captain Roark was out for blood, they had a very thin time.

8th Trial: Norton, Beaufort Hunt P.C., July 12. Sides: *England*—Captain R. George (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. L. L. Lacey (back). *Bridge House*—Captain A. W. M. S. Pilkington (1), Captain M. J. Kingscote (2), Captain C. H. Tremayne (3), Mr. H. P. Guinness (back). *Result*—England won 5 to 3.

No use as a real trial; England side not all out.

9th Trial: Also at Norton, July 17. Sides: *England*—Mr. Aidan Roark (1), Captain C. T. I. Roark (2), Mr. H. P. Guinness (3), Mr. L. L. Lacey (back). *The Rest*—Captain R. George (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. H. Tremayne (3), Major E. G. Atkinson (back). *Result*—The Rest won 8 to 3.

The score speaks for itself, and showed what was likely to happen to England minus Mr. Gerald Balding and Captain Richard George.

10th Trial: Also at Norton, July 23. Sides: *England*—Captain R. George (1), Mr. G. Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3), Mr. L. L. Lacey (back). *17th/21st Lancers*—Mr. R. B. B. B. Cooke (1), Mr. D. C. J. Miller (2), Mr. H. C. Walford (3), Lieut.-Colonel V. N. Lockett (back). *Result*—England won 6 to 4.

Not very encouraging. The regimental team was far better together, which is not surprising. And now for America!



MR. THOMAS HITCHCOCK, Jr., U.S.A. SKIPPER

America's, and therefore the world's only 10-goal player, and the man they say there is only one man can really bottle—our captain C. T. I. Roark, Mr. Hitchcock is now quite fit again



MR. E. A. S. HOPPING

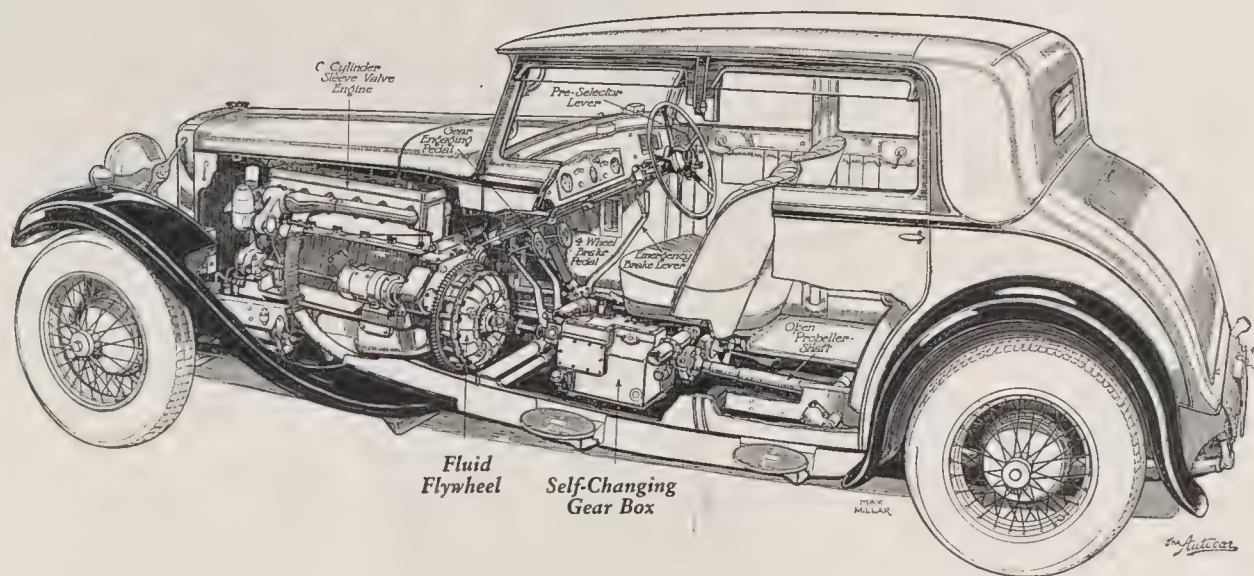
America's most probable back in the International on September 6 at Meadowbrook, and one of the few who has not had his handicap reduced

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PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

The Utterly Absurd.

IT has always seemed to me that motoring was far safer—there can be no doubt whatever about its being more enjoyable—in the days when highways were not so plastered with warning signs, nor so congested with police and scouts. In those “high and far-off times” we had no option but to use our own judgment, and I fancy everyone concerned was much better off than they are to-day, when you are so constantly being told to do this or not to do that that you tend to become a mere automaton—which, I suppose, is the ultimate object of traffic control. Now for a great many signs and warnings, white lines, and so forth, a good case can be made out since they clearly serve a useful purpose. Some are incidentally amusing as, for examples, that which was painted in huge letters outside a famous golf-club (it has recently been changed for something sharper and less fatuous), and read, “Motors must drive slowly”—alas that so many engines failed to notice it; and that which, mounted upon the railway bridge at Maidenhead, says, in the very best American, “Go Slow.” These are just comic relief and are in pleasant contrast to those innumerable and insufferably gratuitous insults that shout “Caution! Carriage Drive!” or “Concealed Entrance!” and that sort of thing. Of highway legislation we already have far too much, but I would like to see a law framed that compelled the jokers who erect these things to repaint them, “Caution! Public Road!” and to put them up (under heavy penalties for not so doing) slap-bang opposite their front doors. And yet I suppose one ought to look kindly upon their misdirected efforts for they mean well. They are incapable of realizing that a sign of this sort is utterly needless if they and their servants will exercise caution. Of course, that there are now so many of them uglifying every part of the country simply means that no one pays the slightest attention to them—not even (and I can certify several instances) those who have these same cautionary notices outside their own gates! Still, as I say, I am ready to tolerate that which was never useful and has become a meaningless dead letter. But what I do have an active and implacable objection to is the sort of sign that



O'Brien
IN LIMERICK: MR. HARRY FILDES
AND LADY DARESBUY

At Lord Daresbury's seat, Mount Coote, Kilmallock, Co. Limerick, waving farewell to the members of the New Zealand Dairy Farmers' Association, who went over to see Lord Daresbury's famous herd of Short-horns



O'Brien
SIR ROBERT PAUL AND MISS
DODO GOFF

At the recent show at Clonmel, where Sir Robert Paul judged the jumping. Sir Robert Paul is master of the Gaulthier Harriers, and Miss Goff is a sister of Sir Ernest Davis-Goff of Glenville, Waterford



AT CLONMEL SHOW: LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, LADY KATHERINE DAWNAY, AND THE MARQUESS OF WATERFORD

Although Clonmel is at the moment rather overshadowed by Dublin it was as usual a very good show. Lord William Beresford and Lady Katherine Dawnay are the Marquess of Waterford's brother and sister

the Firestone Tyre Co., Ltd., has erected upon both sides of a railway bridge that spans the Great West Road adjacent to their elegant factory. This sign says “Danger”—in big, coloured letters lavishly illuminated at night—“Concealed Entrance,” and then in more modest characters, “Firestone Tyre Factory.” As the whole of this very large establishment is nocturnally drenched in pink flood lights—and very fine it looks withal—and as the name of its founder appears visibly upon a very tall chimney-stack, the railway bridge advertisement cannot be of very much consequence. Washing that out, the rest of the sign

is grossly misleading and entirely unjustifiable. That there is any DANGER whatever I deny as a fact and dispute as a statement. Furthermore the entrance is not in the least concealed. It could only be so to a driver on the wrong side of the road. If people coming from or going to this factory like to take a dive into the traffic stream of the Great West Road that is their affair. But to that traffic stream there is no more risk than if there were no factory at all. The sign is simply an affront, and ought to be removed without delay. But as to the place itself I will give unstinted praise. Like the Pyrene building immediately opposite, it demonstrates that an industrial thing can still be a work of art. The two together form an impressive western gateway to London and are calculated to make many factory-owners who are not wilfully vandals thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

No Flivver This.

Mr. Henry Ford, or rather his British organization, recently placed at my disposal one of his 25-h.p. saloon models, with the 16-h.p. engine in the same chassis I was already well acquainted. And I hope he will forgive me if I say that I got almost as much pleasure out of examining its details in my garage as I got from its performance on the road. It has the true genius in its design, even though it is more nearly conventional than was the Model T in its own days. There is not a single detail that has not been carefully thought out—which I suppose is natural when your new model is going to cost you about twelve million pounds to put into production. The extreme simplicity, straightforwardness, strength, and get-at-ability of every bit of its very complete mechanism is just a joy to the engineering mind. Easy to build, easy to look

(Continued on p. 2)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting “The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News” every Friday



PULL
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SUMMER
SHELL

"Summer Shell" petrol is specially
blended to suit summer temperatures

Stuart

A WEIRD STORY

THE LOUGHBOROUGH GHOST

The facts I am about to write happened ten years ago, and are absolutely true. How they can be accounted for I leave to spiritualists to explain. I will tell the story as it happened.

My son and I had returned from Africa, and as he wished to hunt, we took a small place near Loughborough. It was really a cottage in a village with a little ground I don't give the name of the village here as it is the only cottage of the kind there, and might affect its future letting.

It stood in a triangle, between two roads, one on the side of the village, the other the road to the church. There were two gates, one opening to each road, so a short cut to the church was across our ground. It was the most perfect little place you could imagine, good stables, nice garden; the house was newly and beautifully furnished, and with great taste; everything was red and cream, carpets red, walls cream, even the kitchen was a gem. I was surprised at anyone letting so perfect a little place, and remarked it to the owner, but she said she did not care for being so far in the country as she was alone.

On the ground floor there was the kitchen, hall, dining-room, and sitting-room, which opened on to a delightful little conservatory, which I turned into a studio for myself. Upstairs were four bedrooms, one each side of the staircase and two facing it. My son had one room to the left, I had the one to the right, and the others were for friends that came from time to time.

We often heard curious noises upstairs, as if furniture was being pushed about, and could not account for it, as there were no rooms above the bed-rooms, and the servants slept out of the house, but we thought nothing of it, and put it down to rats.

One night I was rather late in my improvised studio when I saw a woman with a black cloak thrown round her running across to the Rectory; it was bright moonlight, so I saw her very distinctly; I supposed it was somebody wanting medicine, as the rector always kept a supply, and dismissed it from my mind.

I had a pet jackdaw, and just before going to bed I took him out to his tree where he always slept, and noticed there were no marks in the snow, which I thought rather strange, seeing that the woman had gone past only a few minutes before.

I went to bed and slept for some time, when I was awakened by a man's voice calling, "Violet, Violet." Thinking it was some youth seeking his sweetheart, I did not pay much attention to it, and turned over and went asleep.

The next day a friend came to spend Christmas with us, and he slept in the room between me and my son.

That night again the woman crossed the garden, and I called to the two boys who were in the sitting room to come and see, they both saw her, and ran out to the front door to tell her we could not have a right-of-way made across the garden, but they could see no trace of her, nor any marks of her footsteps.

I was very restless that night, and could not sleep for a long time; it was Christmas Eve, and the waits had been round, and I thought there might have been some more and I did not settle off till quite late.

I was awakened by a strange noise in my room, and to my horror I saw a man in a grey suit and red tie standing at the foot of my bed with a cup in his hand: he was not looking at me but straight in front of him; as I gazed in terror, afraid to shout to my son for fear he would attack me, the man raised the cup to his lips and fell down at the foot of my bed. There I lay in

a cold perspiration from fright; I could not get out of the room without stepping over him, so I lay on, thinking he must have been helping himself to whisky downstairs and was overcome with drink.

I lay there till daylight, and then I crept quietly to the foot of the bed to see if it were possible I could get out without disturbing him, but nobody was there.

Now I knew it was quite impossible for him to have got out without my having seen or heard him, so I ran to my son's room and told him what had happened.

"I heard the fall," he said, "but thought you had fallen out of bed, and if you wanted me you would call."

We asked Mr. H. at breakfast if he had heard anything, and he said he heard the fall.

Next day the rector's wife came in to wish us the compliments of the season, and I told her all about the night before. She turned very white, and asked me if Mrs. X. had not told me of the tragedy that had taken place there. I told her I had heard of nothing.

"I will get my husband to come over later and tell you; I would rather not talk of it."

"Then you think there is some reason for what I saw?" I asked.

"I am sure of it, for you have described the man exactly."

Later on the rector came over, and this was his story:

"A year ago last October a couple came here and bought the cottage; they were Americans, and appeared very well off. They furnished the cottage as you see, and spared no expense. They never went out, except he ran up to town sometimes, and she always met him at the station on his return; I often saw them as I fetched my paper by the train he arrived by.

"Last Christmas Eve, yesterday twelvemonths, he returned, and I was standing close to him when he got out of the carriage. He looked terribly worried, and I heard him say to her, 'It's all up; nothing has come!'

"She said 'My God!' and they passed me without seeing me.

"On Christmas morning, very early, the front-door bell

rang, and so violently that I put my head out of the window to ask what was the matter.

"'Oh! do let me in?' a woman's voice cried; my husband has tried to poison me, and he is going mad."

"I threw on my dressing-gown and went down. She fell in the hall; we lifted her and gave her an emetic and laid her on the bed.

"Leaving her to my wife, I ran across to the cottage. The door was open, so I went through the rooms, and finding no trace of Mr. O. I ran upstairs. There I found him face downwards at the foot of the bed. I turned him over and saw he was dead. He had taken prussic acid, and tried to force some down his wife's throat as she refused to drink some coffee he had made."

"What was her name?" I asked.

"'Violet,' he replied.

"She had a black cloak on when she came to us over her nightgown.

"The poor fellow was buried like a dog, not a soul to follow him but myself; they would not allow him to be buried in consecrated ground.

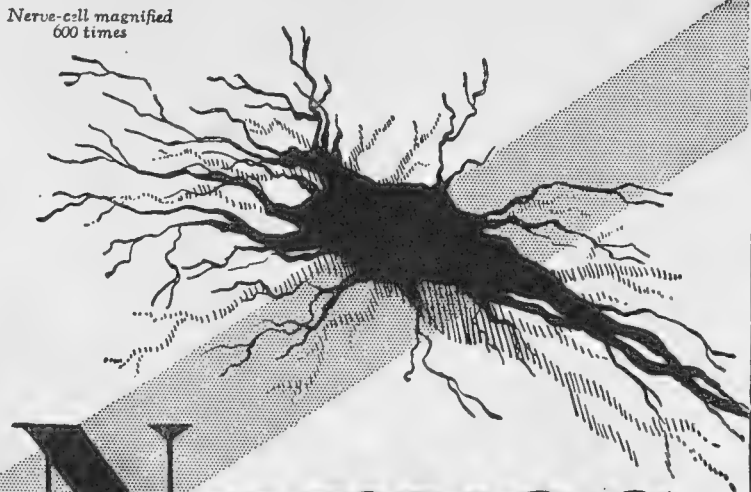
"She went back to London, and we never heard any more of her; the place was sold to pay for the furniture rather than take it back to town, and Mrs. X. bought it as it stood for a song."

A. D.



AN UP-RIVER PARTY

A group snapped at a recent house-party at Pinkney's Green, Maidenhead. The names, left to right, are: Mr. Reggie Beaton, Miss Tyrza Clifton, Mrs. Vandenberg, and Mrs. Scott-Robson

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600 times

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With Regard to Tan One must Take an Attitude

WHETHER sunburn is hateful to you or whether you go in for it in a serious way, it will be Elizabeth Arden who has at her fingertips the solution that is right for you.

Long days in the sun and wind rob the skin of its delicate transparency and make it coarse and dark. Safeguard your skin from reckless burning and freckling that spoil the loveliest complexion.

Miss Arden has created exquisite Preparations to protect *with beauty* all exposed skin surface. Ardena Protecta Cream is a thick velvety Preparation which blends smoothly into the skin and gives it an appearance of soft delicacy. But, more than that, it acts as an invisible waterproof and weatherproof film to protect the skin from freckling, burning and coarsening. Being impervious to water, it keeps your skin smooth and immaculate through hours of swimming or sports — and it will withstand an entire evening of dancing.

Protecta Cream comes in four shades—pure White, for a dazzling milky skin; Rachel, a warm tone for general use; Naturelle, a pinky flesh tint; and Bronze, a new deep shade to tone in with an already bronzed skin or to give a tanned effect. If your skin is dry and easily peels Ultra-Amoretta Cream is the perfect solution for you. It contains just a hint of an exquisitely soothing oil so that roughness vanishes under its touch. And remember — though sun and wind dry the skin, you may foil disastrous peeling and coarseness by faithfully patting in Orange Skin Food or Velva Cream in your little bedtime treatment.

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IT seems a pity sometimes, that because one's wretched words have to suffer the dignity of print other people therefore expect one to be capable of expressing an opinion on any subject. From cabbages to kings is a small range compared with the number of topics on which any journalist is supposed to pronounce judgment.

Here, for instance, is somebody who wants to know what I really and honestly think of golf for the very young.

Now this is a highly controversial subject. If at this moment I were not safely buried in the country on a holiday over which the legend "No letters forwarded" is writ large, I should live in mortal terror of a consequent post-bag weighed down with angry comments from fond parents and guardians, not to mention uncles and aunts, school-masters, and those horrible youthful precocities who nowadays write to the papers for themselves. Some would take one side, some another on the vexed question, "Should children play golf? If so, how, when, and where?" What precisely is my own view of the matter. Emphatically I am all for children playing golf, only, like everything else, I should prefer that they do it in moderation. The earnest



Learning the Game at Troon: Miss Margaret White has a practise swing

Eve at Golf

The Very Young Idea

By ELEANOR E. HELME

golfer will desire that I discuss the matter from the point of view of the child's Golfing Future, which presumably they would like written with capitals.

beyond developing certain muscles and a readiness to walk eight miles in the day with complete cheerfulness—an occupation which is generally anathema to the small boy. Of course golf can never be a substitute for, or even a rival of, the team games. Perish the thought. The boy, possibly the girl, who cannot field through a long, hot afternoon cheerfully, who sticks to the ball with small hope of scoring himself rather than pass it to the fellow who can, is going to be of small use to himself or his country. And if one writes "himself" rather than "herself," it is only because the use of both pronouns is clumsy and confusing. Sauce in this matter is identical for goose or gander.

The team game only, let us be frank about it, develops the best virtues. But there are others, such as concentration, perseverance, self-reliance, cheerfulness in adversity (are they not an imposing-sounding collection), which golf ought to foster. And lonely boys and girls cannot always get team games nor play them in after-life, and golf then will come into its own. So the question narrows down to when and how. Where has to be governed by the local rules of the nearest club. For the rest, let the child go out and play another in deadly match-play battle, instilling into it merely "Thou shalt not improve the lie of the ball nor interfere with your opponent." And then if you can let it see somebody with a good swing hit the ball occasionally, so much the better. Take the children into foursomes with yourself now and again, so that you can see what the game really should be, that is presuming you are capable of showing them—perhaps rather a large presuming in some cases. But whatever else you do, inquiring correspondent of mine, let them know from the beginning that it is a game, and if they cannot take a beating like sportsmen might I be so old-fashioned as to suggest they should be soundly smacked! After all, as I said, no letters will be forwarded; for a brief three weeks I dare to say what I like.

All "Eve's" golfing activities are being continued by "Britannia and Eve," in which a golfing supplement is conducted by Miss Eleanor Helme



The Stylist: Percy Lucas, who holed his tee shot (154 yards) at the 3rd at Princes, Sandwich

For such people let me solemnly state: By all means let your child (bless its little heart) handle a club at as tender an age as possible. Even if no opportunity arises for it to keep up the knowledge it acquires some rudiments of the correct swing may be implanted in the infant breast,



"I believe I'm in trouble": Georgie Armour, the son of the professional, playing a round in the South of France

THE GIRLS
Entries for the Girls' Championship, to be played at Stoke Poges September 10, 11, and 12, close on August 22

DATES TO NOTE
August 19. — Seaford Head Open Meeting
September 25. — Maidenhead Open Meeting
October 17. — West Hill Open Meeting



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Aldwych

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



It is of camel-hair that these coats and caps are made. They are light, warm, and perfectly ventilated. They owe their origin to the Jaeger Company, 352, Oxford Street, W. (See p. ii)

The "Soup" Plate and the Cap.

SOMETHING new is being offered in the kingdom of millinery, and that is the hat whose fount of inspiration is the soup plate in conjunction with a schoolboy's cap. The latter is of black chenille with an openwork mesh; it fits the head perfectly and is caught with a diamond clasp just over the left eye. The hat is of felt, the brim faced with velvet; as the crown is very shallow it has to be adjusted almost horizontally. Another novel note is struck in a black velvet hat of moderate proportions; a flat fringe of ospreys rests on the brim. Some of the velvet models have quartered crowns with slightly waved brims, narrow bands of ermine appearing at the base of the crowns. Stitching is generously used for decorative purposes; silken or metal threads being favoured.

The Bérét Again.

In order to give it a name, however inappropriate, a piece of draped material is called a bérét. Quite the smartest are of velvet and on the left side four inches of the hair is revealed, the material being held in position with a diamond clasp. It does not take much imagination to prophesy that very soon the hat and bérét will both be sold by the notable milliners, as it is so difficult to adjust Nature's hair just as one wants. Felt hats with double brims are an innovation; this does not signify that they shade the face, they are draped round it; the cunning of an artist's hand is noticeable in the folds and the gaugings. It is difficult to describe the little cap-turbans, as in the hand they look like nothing at all, nevertheless when they are adjusted they are the smartest things imaginable. Little bits of ribbon are introduced here, there, and everywhere—it may be at the base, at the top, or at the sides; sometimes ribbon is draped to take the form of the ear-pieces of a wireless set. The caps themselves are made of a new weave of stockinette, or it may be that they are crocheted or knitted; again, they are expressed in a woollen crêpe that has been created by Rodier.

The Tailored Suit.

The tailored suit for town wear is more elaborate than that for country. It has either a three-quarter coat or one that just turns the hips. The skirt which accompanies the former is of the wrap-round character with panels of pleats at the sides. The model, with a coat which flares over the hips in a very becoming manner, has a skirt that begins to flare where the coat ends. These suits are generally made of suiting or fancy stockinette. Velvet broadcloth and velour are used for

tailor-mades for afternoon wear; they are often trimmed with fur, the long coats being hemmed with it. A curious thing about some of the new models is that although they may be enriched with fur the collars are not. This conceit, however, is not likely to meet with success as it is the reverse of becoming. Long revers of fur also have their part to play, one of which crosses over.

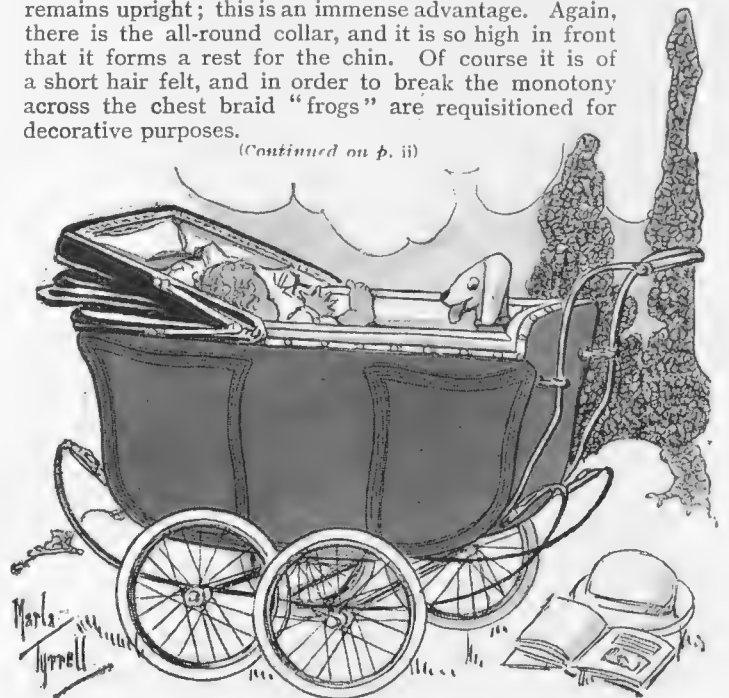
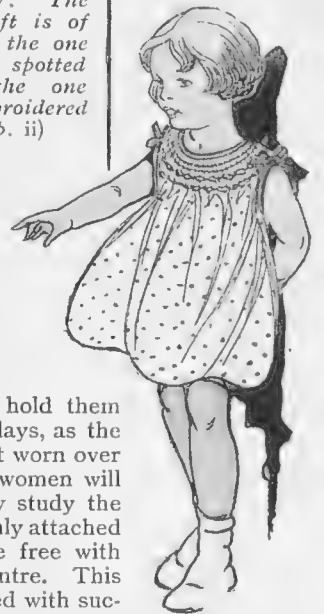
The Detachable Collar.

Some of the Parisian tailors are making suits with detachable collars; they are perfectly shaped and are in harmony with the coat; patent fasteners are requisitioned to hold them in place. This is excellent for wet days, as the collars can be removed and the suit worn over a silk or other mackintosh. Many women will be surprised to discover when they study the new wrap-coats that the collars are only attached at the sides; at the back they are free with the exception of a thin cord in the centre. This is an idea that is sure to be crowned with success, as with its aid the collar, when the coat is on, "hugs" the neck at the back, and as a consequence remains upright; this is an immense advantage. Again, there is the all-round collar, and it is so high in front that it forms a rest for the chin. Of course it is of a short hair felt, and in order to break the monotony across the chest braid "frogs" are requisitioned for decorative purposes.

(Continued on p. iii)



The art of creating simple and pretty fashions for children is well understood by the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street, W. The dress on the left is of crêpe de chine, the one on the right of spotted muslin, and the one below of embroidered voile. (See p. ii)



This is the Grosvenor Baby Car, built by Hitchings, 495, Oxford Street, W. It has long end-to-end cec-springs of best tempered steel; it is easy to handle and has a roomy interior. (See p. ii)



The chic of a model hat depends on some unusual note which sets it apart from its fellows. In this case it is two dainty posies of flowers on the black felt. They look as if they had just been negligently dropped there, but believe me it is the veriest artistry.

And the hat will be found in the Model Millinery Department on the First Floor

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Jumper Becomes a Blouse.

Now that the waist-line is higher the jumper has become a blouse or shirt, and is worn inside the skirt; it is not allowed to be tucked in carelessly, but has to be arranged carefully, as nothing is ever permitted to interfere with the neat appearance of the hips. It will be recalled that many of the skirts are reinforced with yokes. Blouses are also provided with a yoke or narrow band, by which means there is no fullness below the waist. They are carried out in washing satin, heavy crêpe de chine, or Macclesfield crêpe in delicate pastel shades, not overlooking mushroom. They have long sleeves, the neck-line being either boat-shaped or "V." They are cleverly trimmed with tiny pleats and fagot-stitching, while the shoulder yoke occupies a prominent position. A revival is the cross-over blouse, the ends being knotted at the sides. These blouses offer a glorious opportunity for the utilization of old lace, as they are never seen to greater advantage than when in alliance with cuffs and vest of lace that have become mellow with age.

Not New but Decorative.

Not new but ever so decorative are the collars, cuffs, and jabots made of very fine bead embroidery; the work and colours are so elusive and subtly blended that the closest scrutiny is necessary in order to discover the manner in which the result is achieved. Sometimes the patterns are of the broderie anglaise character. It is essential that the shades present in the beads be repeated in the jewellery, and in order that harmony may prevail, very small beads are being used for necklaces and fringed ear-rings. Pearls never strike a jarring note, and as the season advances they will be more modish than ever. Black and white—replicas of the Orient—will be seen in happy unison, as well as pale pink. There will be several graduated rows caught with a diamond clasp.

The Fascination of Camel-hair.

It is always a pleasure to shop at Jaeger's, 352, Oxford Street, W., as there one is sure of discovering just what is needed. There is nothing more welcome when travelling, no matter whether it be by car, steamer, or train, than a camel-hair coat, and of course as it is light as well as warm it is ideal for walking. It is to this

firm that the credit of the camel-hair coats pictured on p. 330 must be given; the one on the left for a member of the older generation is 6½ guineas, the hat to match being 39s. 6d.; the coat worn by the child is 53s. 6d., and the hat a guinea. There are also warm scarves, jumpers, and cardigans of fine camel-hair. On receipt of the usual trade references this firm would be pleased to send a selection on

in one of Paul Brion's tweeds, and is available in something between a black and white and a grey and white and a nigger and grey, but so subtly are the colours blended that it is difficult to designate them accurately. As will be seen, the dress has a slightly higher waist-line, which is emphasized with a narrow belt; this is a very important feature of the autumn models; it seems unnecessary to state that the skirt is arranged with pleated flounces which lie quite flat when the wearer stands. The full-length coat (of which it was not possible to give a complete view) is lined with crêpe de chine and is outlined with the new battlement trimming. Of this veritable gilt-edge investment one may become the possessor for 22 guineas. No one must leave this establishment without seeing the collection of coats and skirts in Cumberland and other tweeds from 10½ guineas.

Fashions for Children.

Never has there been a time when fashions for children have been simpler and prettier; all in doubt about this must visit the salons of the Treasure Cot Co., 103, Oxford Street, W. Should distance or other circumstances prevent this, then the profusely illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on application. Who would not desire to own the pale yellow crêpe de chine smock at the top of p. 330; it is outlined with blue and the collar and cuffs are blue. Then there is the smocked sleeveless spotted muslin frock and the one of white voile embroidered with blue and red. Then there are Swiss muslin smocks, 16 in. length, for 13s. 9d., and flowered lawn ones for 18s., sunbonnets to match being 7s. 9d. For boys there are useful flannel shorts for 6s. 9d., shirts to match being 5s. 9d.



Picture by Blake Studio

An autumn tweed ensemble which has a slimming effect on the figure. It comes from Jay's (Oxford Street, W.) ready-to-wear department. The dress is arranged with a belt and killed flounces, while the long coat is outlined with battlement trimming

approval together with the illustrated catalogue. Furthermore there are three-piece suits in blue Lido tweed and other effects for 63s.; and jumper suits for 35s. 6d. Of cardigans there is a splendid assortment from 6s. 11d.

A Tweed Autumn Ensemble.

A tweed autumn ensemble that has a slimming effect is what every woman wants, and the House of Jay (Regent Street, W.), with their customary flair in matters sartorial, have responded to the demand. It is in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor that the model pictured on this page may be seen. It is expressed

Up-to-date Baby-carriages.

The name of Hitchings (495, Oxford Street, W.) is synonymous with everything that is best in baby-carriage design and construction. They are not expensive, as in each model the utmost value is given for the price quoted. Illustrated on p. 330 is the Grosvenor model; it is a new design with long end-to-end cee-springs of best tempered steel; it is very easy to handle and allows full display of the side panels. Furthermore it has a finely moulded coach-built body with wide, roomy interior. On application this firm would be pleased to send their illustrated catalogue giving full particulars of their other baby-carriages.



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PRINSUÈDE

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Radio's First Decade

By EAMON GARRY

This year makes the end of radio's first decade. A handful of experimenters tuned in one summer evening of 1920, and heard Melba sing "Home, Sweet Home." It was the birth of radio entertainment and Melba was the first radio artist. Two years later the first 2 LO appeared, to cater for fewer than 20,000 listeners. In eight years more than three million have been added to that number. In those two short sentences I have outlined the history of radio entertainment in this country.

To a very pronounced degree we owe radio to the War. The exigencies of those stressful years made intensive demands on inventive and scientific genius. Pressure of belligerent circumstance compelled the laboratories of this country to bring to a rapid perfection the ideas that would otherwise have come to a slow fruition. Among them was radio.

By the time the War was half-way through the Royal Air Force had embraced radio in the compass of its routine measures, and the Post Office was being spurred by the mother of invention into giving it a more comprehensive character.

The abnormal demands of the War-period created a challenge which echoed into the post-War years. Before the second anniversary of the Armistice had been celebrated the first concert had been radio-cast. I remember the occasion well. I had just secured, via the Disposals Board, an ex-Government receiving apparatus. To be of any practical service I faked up some head-phones, bought a high-tension battery, borrowed an accumulator, and threw up some ignition cable as an aerial. I managed to secure a buzzer in wave-meter in order to tune in to 2,700 metres (the Chelmsford wave-length), and located the set in the bathroom in order to use the water-pipe for earthing.

I can even now recall the scene. There were five present beside myself. They were each more confidently expectant than I—I merely hoped for the best; they expected it. Two sat on the edge of the bath. Another leaned against the edge of the wash-basin. A lady was accommodated in a bed-room chair just outside the door and another fellow sat cross-legged, tailor-wise, in a corner. I set the tuner to the wave-length and buzzed the meter until suddenly I went stone cold. *I heard a voice!* It was uncanny. It was the first time I had ever heard speech from an invisible person. It seemed as if a ghostly

voice was addressing me. Hastily the others donned their head-phones, with exclamations of excited interest. Then we were all hushed to, silence. *Melba was singing!* The memory of that moment is immortal. Melba has sung to many larger audiences; she has never sung to a more spell-bound one. After "Home, Sweet Home," came "Nymphes et Sylvains" in French, and "Addio" from *La Bohème*, until the National Anthem—the first time it had been put on the air. I heard afterwards that it was even heard in Persia.

That was ten years ago. The next noticeable move came from Holland, where a station was opened. This provoked the Post Office, in 1921, into building a station in this country at Writtle, which was opened the following year to radio-cast programmes on 400 metres. At that time the programmes consisted mainly of gramophone records and an occasional artist, but I must admit that the results I got were as weird as they were wonderful.

It was *Cyrano de Bergerac*, with Captain Eckersley presiding over the production. Our present studio technique makes that early attempt laughable. The players were grouped round a table with the producer at the head. Each had a microphone placed immediately in front, so that their lips almost touched it. As the turn of each to speak came, the producer touched the player with a long rod. To make everything water-tight and to remove all possibilities of "mike fright" the play was rehearsed with each player speaking into a tablespoon!

It was the radio manufacturers that brought the B.B.C. into existence and gave the public regular domestic wireless. They pooled their financial resources and approached the Post Office for permission—which was granted—to launch the British Broadcasting Company, which came into existence on November 14, 1922, and later was given a special charter and its present title. Within a year the first 2 LO (at Marconi House) was opened and seven other stations at Manchester, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bournemouth, Birmingham, Cardiff, and Newcastle; in 1924 the Belfast station opened.

In ten years radio has progressed with such amazing efficiency that to-day it enters 3,000,000 homes with the speed of sunlight and its brightness.

Ten years ago, Marconi, on board his magical yacht *Electra*, listened to a radio concert for the first time. His words then are as true to-day: "It comes closest to the dream I had when I first caught the vision of radio's vast possibilities. It brings the world of music, news, and edition into every home, fresh from the human voice. It solves the problem of loneliness and isolation."



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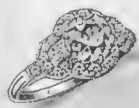
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One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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C.F.H. 10

Weddings and Engagements

Autumn Weddings.

Mr. Charles Montague Weekley of the Victoria and Albert Museum is marrying Miss Vera Ross in October, and the wedding is to be a quiet one; on September 11 Major Ion Henrick-Cooke, O.B.E., and Miss Florence Marion Halkett are being married; another September wedding is that of Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham, 15th/19th Hussars, and Miss Jean Garland, which will take place on the 9th at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street; Squadron-Leader Leonard H. Slatter and Miss Cecil Nancy Ashwin Davies have also chosen September for their wedding, but no official date is announced yet.

In Calcutta.

Mr. John D. Tyson, Indian Civil Service, is marrying Miss Dorrice Yuill, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Yuill of Durban, South Africa, in November, and the wedding will take place in Calcutta.



THE GROWSE-HUNT WEDDING AT PORT ELIZABETH

A photograph taken after the wedding of Lieut.-Commander Frederic William Growse of H.M.S. "Calcutta" and Miss Phyllis Hunt, which took place at Holy Trinity Church, Port Elizabeth, on June 24. The bride was formerly Miss Phyllis Hunt, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hunt, and her husband is the son of Mrs. E. F. Growse and the late Mr. E. F. Growse, I C.S., of Cheltenham



THE NASON-CAREY WEDDING AT GUERNSEY

Norman Gruit

Mr. C. F. Nason, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), the son of the late Colonel Nason, D.S.O., O.B.E., and Mrs. Nason, and Miss Eleanor Carey, the only daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Carey, Jurat of the Royal Court of Guernsey, were married at the Parish Church of St. Peter Port, Guernsey, on July 25

Recently Engaged.

Captain Frederick H. Neill, Royal Engineers, the younger son of Mr. W. Neill and the late Mrs. Neill of 2, St. Alban's Road, W., and Miss Elizabeth (Betty) Whitley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Whitley of Hatton, near Warrington, Cheshire; Mr. John Leslie Fisher Steele, M.B., B.Ch., 11, Devonshire Place, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Steele of Maghera, Co. Londonderry, and Miss Betty Hunter-Craig of Cromwell Hall, East Grinstead, the only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Craig of East Horsley; Lieut.-Commander Reginald Maurice James Hutton, Royal Navy, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hutton of Oak Lawn, Wootton Bridge, Isle of Wight, and Miss Leslie Dorothy Lois Griffith-Jones, the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Griffith-Jones of Seven Trees, Chislehurst; Mr. John Jeffery Tawney, Administrative Service, Tanganyika Territory, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Tawney of 14, Moreton Road, Oxford, and Miss Mary Eileen Gee, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Cecil Gee of Uplands, Rothley, Leicestershire.

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At this wonderful old hostel the Duke of Monmouth stayed before the Battle of Sedgemoor; to-day its romantic air is typical of the tranquil West Country in which St. Ivel Cheese is produced, the only cheese ever awarded a Gold Medal by the International Medical Congress. Even young children can digest it easily, while young and old alike obtain benefit from its health-promoting cultures of Massol.

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After several years constant use in our business, we can now offer to the public with perfect confidence our patented product

VITECLENÉ

The remedy par excellence for superfluous hair. This is not a depilatory, but each application immediately removes the growth at the roots leaving the skin with a delicate freshness and free from hair.

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are the ideal weather-guards for the Summer months—coats that provide the services of Weatherproof, Overcoat or Dust-coat as occasion demands.

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they ventilate naturally; are delightfully cool to wear on hot days, notwithstanding their ability to provide warmth and comfort whenever there's a "nip" in the air.

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Miss Randolph says she has found her "LADYE JAYNE" invaluable for keeping her hair in position, actually improving the waves during sleep and so keeping down hairdressing costs. Ask to see the many new patterns in all fashionable shades.

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1/3, 1/6 and 2/- each	2/9 each.
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There were meetings of the Executive and of the Show Committee on July 24, the respective chairmen, Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Lady Howe, presiding. It will be good news to our members to hear that our Open Show was a success financially this year, largely owing to the hard work put in by Mrs. Trelawny.

"The Kennel Gazette" for July contains some most interesting particulars about registration. The article says, "For the period ending June, 1930, the total registrations in that six months amounted to 25,334, an increase of nearly a thousand upon the total of the corresponding period last year. Wire fox-terriers, with 3,579, are the highest in any single breed or variety." Manchester terriers, with 61, are the lowest. Will no one come to the rescue of this fine old English breed? It is the custom to speak of dog-showing and its appurtenances as a "hobby"; these statistics show that it has become an important national industry giving employment to thousands of people. The well-known ability of the British race in the matter of breeding animals has made them superior in dog-breeding, and all other nations come to Britain for high-class dogs.



PAPILLON

The property of Miss Little

Elkhounds are making steady way. Mrs. Powys-Lybbe sends a snap of some Elkhound puppies she has for sale. Her kennels are well known and contain the famous Bob av Glitre and the winning bitch Gytha, who has won more than thirty prizes to date. The puppies are very good ones as can be seen, and should make winners. They are five months old and inoculated against distemper. Elkhounds make excellent companions, but in addition they have their proper work, which is tracking deer.



ELKHOUND PUPPIES

The property of Mrs. Powys-Lybbe

Miss Aldridge's Pekingese can well be described as "lucky dogs." They have an ideal life, all are part of the family. Miss Aldridge's one regret is that owing to living in the Channel Islands she cannot attend shows; if she did she would do well, as her dogs are of the highest breeding and the best strains. Miss Aldridge won the prize "Best brace any breed, bred by owner," at the Guernsey Open Show in strong competition. She sends a snap of two who won first and second in a fancy dress parade, one of the classes in a comic dog show in aid of the Royal Veterinary College held at Government House. She says, "They were greatly admired, over thirty dogs being dressed up, Yen Ti (the long-clothes baby) was fed with a bottle of milk which she greatly enjoyed." Miss Aldridge hopes to be able to exhibit more later on.

The Papillon though a comparatively new-comer to Britain is a well-known continental breed, in fact he is an old-established one, as he is frequently seen in early Spanish pictures and also in French portraits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the type seems to have changed

very little, as some of the dogs in these pictures would win to-day. As we all know, he is called "Papillon" on account of his large ears, which should be shaped like the wings of a butterfly. He is of the most dainty appearance. Miss Little is one of his admirers; she sends a photograph of her little stud dog. She says, "He has twice been reserve to the championship winner and is considered to have the best ears of any Papillon in England." Miss Little has a litter by him for sale.

Leeds Championship Show takes place on August 30 and Sheffield on September 18.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



PEKINGESE

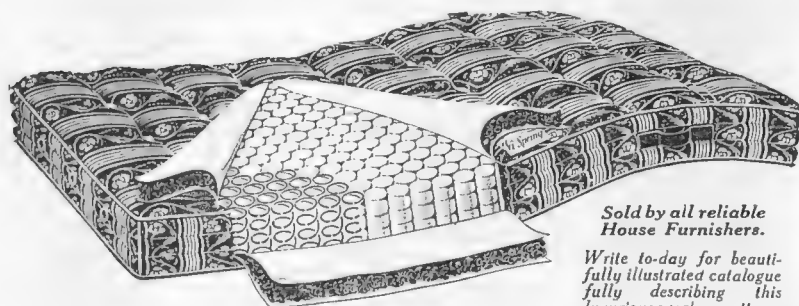
The property of Miss Aldridge

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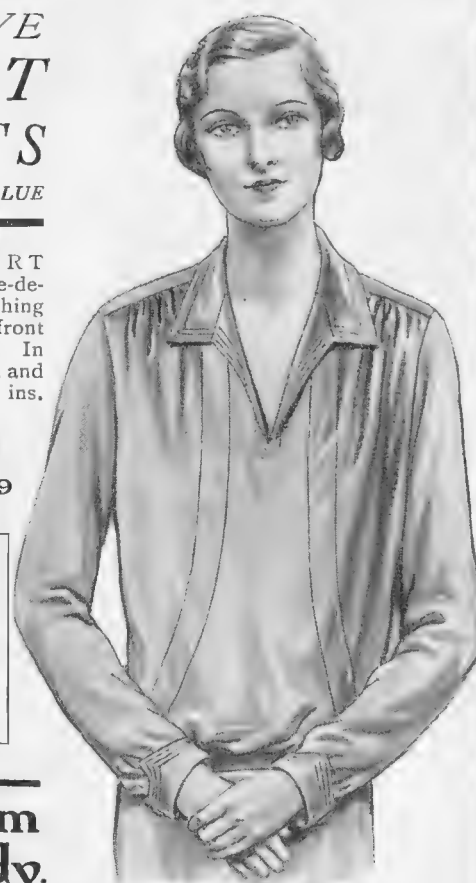
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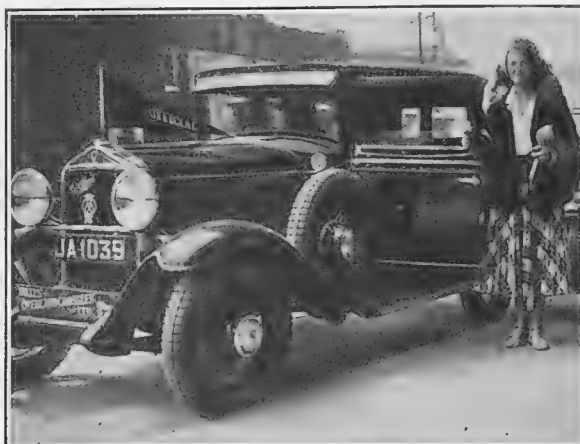
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Petrol Vapour—continued

after. And when your car has got to go off and do its job of work in every part of the world, civilized and uncivilized, the latter clause is a matter of importance. Thus there is a valve-gear that literally never calls for adjustment, an ignition system all the essentials of which offer themselves for inspection without the use of tools, excellent brakes that you can set in a brace of shakes (the same spanner applies to the hydraulic shock-absorbers) everything that should be to hand is to hand. And everything works so extremely well. Just one additional point of note. You can squirt a hose hard on the Ford brake drums (within sides everything is cadmium-plated against rust), and no water will get inside. I know quite a few "thousand-pounders" which are not up to that standard—their brakes admit lots of water and are therefore inclined to be traitors for the first few miles after a wash. And then that very comfortable (if rather high) body. It is an all-steel job, electrically welded, and the individual components are cleverly insulated from one another by a slip of fabric, so that there is no squeak. By the way, the very deeply-moulded rear panel and the starting and lighting installation are, I think, about the only parts of the Ford that are imported from America—and even they will be all-British when the Dagenham factory starts business. As to performance there is little to complain about; indeed the only fault I could find was some harshness in pick-up at 20 m.p.h. or so when the pedal was pressed a bit briskly. I don't quite know where the shudder comes from, but anyhow, though it is there it soon passes and all becomes of a very agreeable smoothness. The high power-weight ratio enables one simply to toy with hills. Bottom gear would take one up a church spire. I judge this Ford to be capable of a steady 65 m.p.h. either on the level or even a little uphill, and when "all out" it is quite extraordinarily free from fuss and bother. In traffic the engine ticks over in a manner reminiscent of the dear old Mercedes, and I do sincerely believe that with second engaged you can safely let in your clutch at about 150 r.p.m. of this motor.



MISS GRACIE FIELDS

Who is perhaps the most popular comedienne on the variety stage, who, by the way, is appearing at the Victoria Palace this week with her Willys Knight sleeve valve six-cylinder saloon

Motor Notes and News

Cycle-type front wings, which are attached to the brake back-plates rather than to the body and which thus move laterally with the wheels, are by no means new, but they first became really popular when they were embodied on the Light-Six Rover. These wings obviously do much to enhance the smart appearance of a sports car such as this, but it is not generally realized that appearance is not their only good feature. The very fact, for instance, that they move with the wheels assists the manoeuvrability of the car to a very marked degree. When a car is being turned to the right into a gateway, it is always the left tip of the near-side front wing which has to be watched, and vice versa. If the wing keeps parallel with the wheel, on the other hand, the gate, or whatever it may be, can be cleared easily. Similarly, in traffic, cycle-type front wings have the effect of improving the effective turning circle considerably. Another marked advantage—particularly to those who carry out their own engine overhauls, etc.—is that the absence of a large wing and running-board allows ease of access to the power unit. This does away with that bug-bear to the amateur mechanic—backache! Some motorists say that a car fitted with cycle-type wings looks "naked"; some quote other disadvantages. But the fact remains that the cycle-type wing has much to recommend it and that, to most owner-drivers, at any rate, its disadvantages are more than counterbalanced by its many good features.

The Federation of British Industries has appointed a committee which will furnish to the Government views upon the general principles of price maintenance. Its members are Sir Roland Nugent, director of the federation; Mr. S. E. Cash, its solicitor; and Mr. H. L. Kenward, sales manager of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd. The latter has prepared evidence, more particularly applicable to the tyre industry, which has been forwarded through the India Rubber Manufacturers' Association to the Board of Trade.



For his amazing flight in a D.H. PUSS MOTH Capt. Barnard again chose—

MALTA and BACK in TWO DAYS

England to Malta and then back again—two thousand eight hundred miles in two days in a De Havilland PUSS MOTH—standard except for extra tankage! An amazing flight to accomplish even in this age of wonders.

Capt. Barnard holds the record for the flight to India and back—using CASTROL. For his latest achievement, he followed the recommendation of the De Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd., and again used the lubricant produced by an ALL-BRITISH firm.

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CASTROL
MOTOR OIL

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Think of a Whisky with a taste and a tang that is as true as it is good . . . whose rare mellowness and maturity have no rival . . . think of a name that is inevitably linked up with diplomatic occasions—think of Ambassador, the diplomat of all Scotch whiskies.

Applications will be considered for territory where intensive representation is assured.

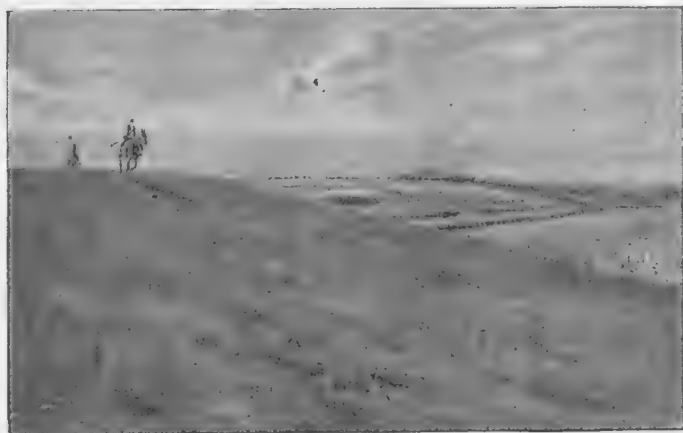


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"THE INVASION" (Devon and Somerset Staghounds).

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"THE QUORN at Shoby Cross-Roads."

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"CHANGED FOXES" (The Cattistock).

"THE PYTCHLEY away from Naseby Cover."

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BEHIND!



GET THE HOLIDAY

SPIRIT

GET

THE

NEW

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MISS JEAN BARRY

Who recently appeared with her partner, Mr. Dave FitzGibbon, in the cabaret at the Hotel Splendide. These two clever dancers were in Mr. C. B. Cochran's revues "Wake Up and Dream" and "This Year of Grace," and will be in Mr. Cochran's "next" when it comes along

of seating 300 guests. The beautiful grounds and the exterior and interior of the mansion are to say the least as enticing as ever before. Yet at this delightful retreat, so close to Windsor Castle and the Thames, there is every

Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently plead for £15 to save two poor ladies who live in an old-fashioned cottage in a Sussex village. Their father held a good position but died leaving his daughters penniless and without adequate training to earn their living. The younger sister tried to help herself by sewing, while the elder took a post as a companion, but soon her already delicate health gave way and she became an invalid. Friends were very generous and subscribed to an allowance of £72 a year on which they both live with the greatest economy. Lately things have gone badly with them, and through illness they are in debt to the extent of £15; they are terrified in case their neighbours should realize their straits and fear the tradesmen will not serve them. In spite of cutting down all necessities they cannot collect the sum they owe and are in despair. Please will you help them?

To retain all the glories of an old-world mansion whilst giving the added attraction of the most modern arrangements is a really noteworthy performance if carried out successfully. Newton Court Hotel, Burfield Road, Old Windsor, has certainly lost none of its attractiveness by being made into a modern hotel with a banqueting hall capable

of outdoor amusement—tennis, croquet, putting greens, clock golf, and riding. The famous Datchet golf course and polo grounds, Runnymede, are only fifteen minutes away.

Messrs. W. D. and H. O. Wills have recently introduced an entirely new and improved wallet for their Three Castle medium cigarettes in 10's and 20's. In this ingenious form of packing the cigarettes are well protected, and each cigarette can be easily withdrawn without disturbing the others, an advantage which will be much appreciated. Smokers should ask for the improved wallet,

Copies of THE TATLER will be available at the forthcoming Canadian National Exhibition, which is being held in Toronto from August 22 to September 6 next. These will be displayed by the William Dawson Subscription Service, Ltd., who will be glad to provide a specimen copy to those interested. Inquiries will be welcomed at their offices at 91, Queen Street, E., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada.



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Hay-harvesting in the grounds of Sir Herbert Parsons, Bart., at Streatham Common, and it might be in the depths of the country. Sir Herbert Parsons served with the British Red Cross in France during the War, and was created a baronet in 1918

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Leeds to Launceston?
Reading to Rhyl?

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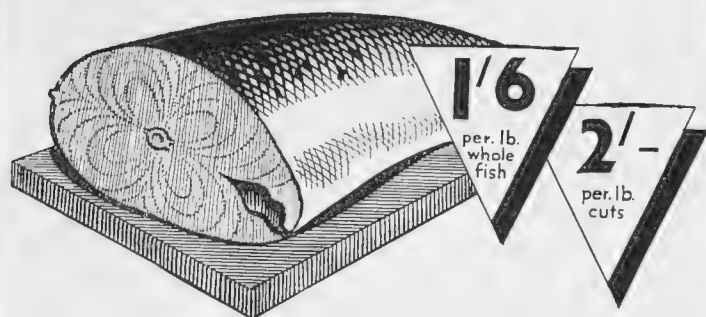
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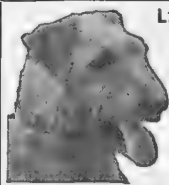
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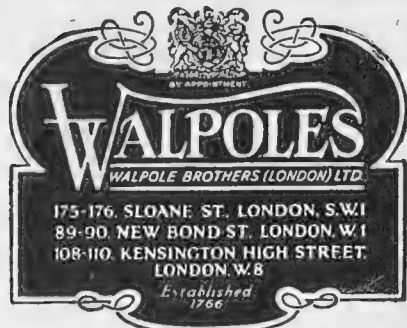


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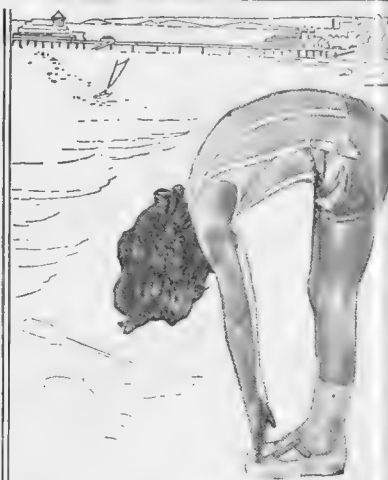
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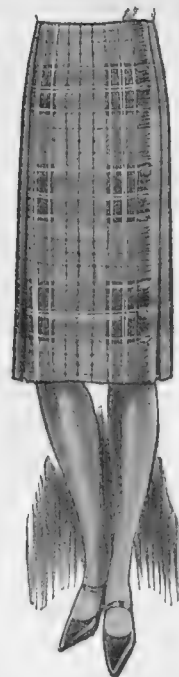
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... IT was the night of the 9th August, 1792. An immense tricoloured cockade in his hat, a huge sabre belted to his waist, his pockets bulging with pistols, he returned from the hurried visit to the headquarters of the Section where he had given his final orders. How those fanaticised patriots had vociferated around him! How hideously ferocious had been those drunken brigands of "Marseillais," with bare arms brandishing their weapons, who had been specially brought across France for the work that was to do! Those cowardly Girondists had sent for them, had been afraid of them when they arrived. But they were just the men he, Danton, needed. This business was no child's play. Failure, almost certainly, meant death. He was aware of it, with a secret sinking of apprehension, an extreme of suspense, as he ascended the stone stairs, entered that larger and better apartment on the first floor of No. 1 Cour de Commerce significant of his improving fortunes. How much had they paid him in those three fantastic years, the Court idiotically to drive the Revolution into excesses that would discredit it, England fishing in troubled waters, the Duc d'Orléans, to whom alone he had been approximately loyal? He did not have the faintest idea, had carelessly thrown that gold around in handfuls, retaining only enough to have paid off his debts, to have purchased a fine estate at Arcis-sur-Aube. To a reproach his reply had been grandiose: "Willingly do they pay 80,000 livres for a man like me — but they do not get a man like me for 80,000 livres." More fools they to pay him! . . .

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DICK DEADEYE (Able Seaman) DARRELL FANCOURT
JOSEPHINE (The Captain's Daughter) ELSIE GRIFFIN
HEBE (Sir Joseph's First Cousin) NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE
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